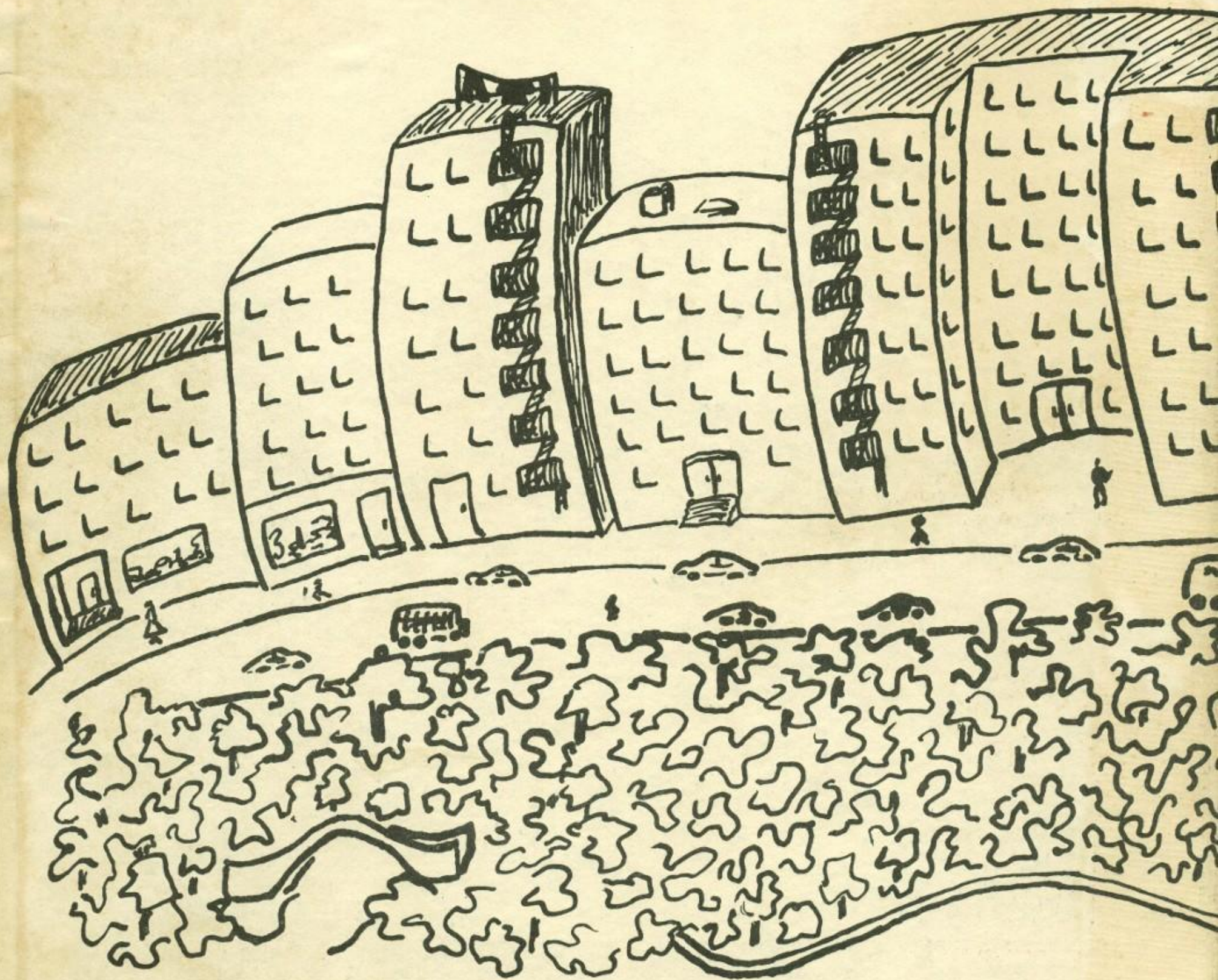
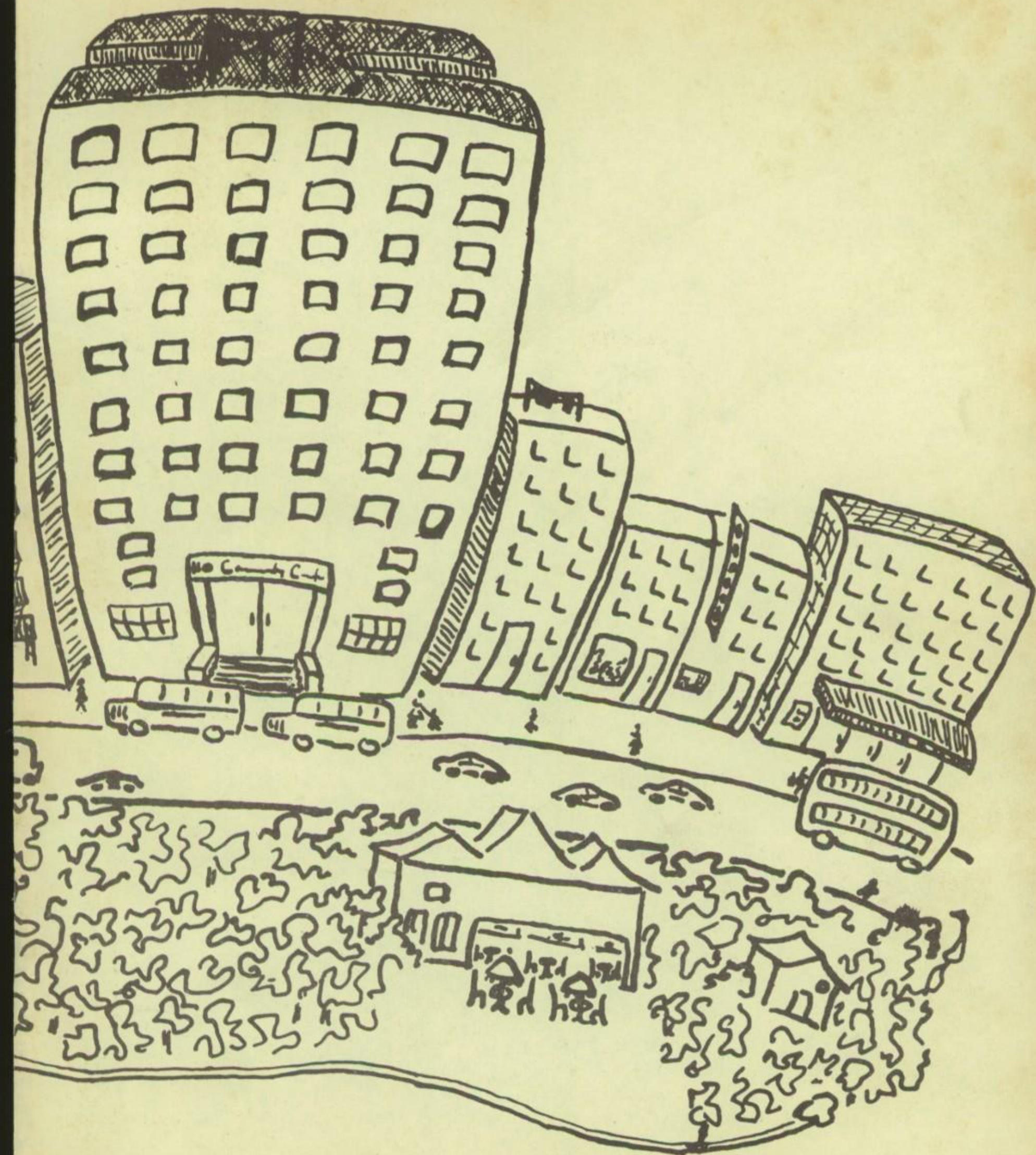
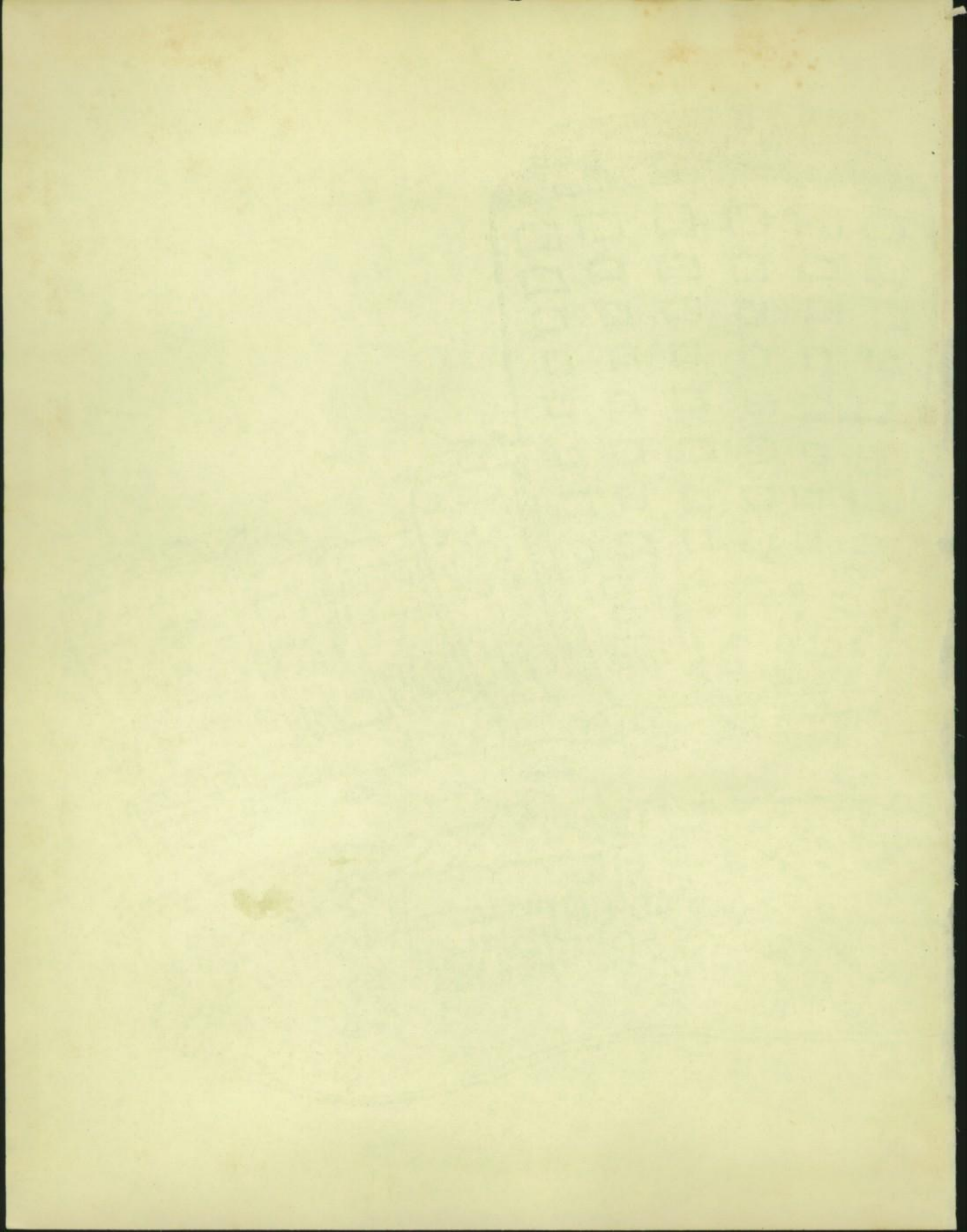


1950

Sylvio Estrada







prologue

*'What's past is prologue.
Shakespeare, The Tempest*

To the members of the school community and to the ideals
which they have worked to realize, we dedicate this, the
first yearbook of the New Lincoln School.

Published by The Class of 1950

The New Lincoln School 31 West 110 Street New York City





The New Lincoln School was founded two years ago to continue the search for new educational methods and techniques that will help our young people to understand the nature of the forces loose in their world; to help them build a body of ideas in which they can believe; and to help them to learn to act on the basis of their understanding and belief.

Because, in both New Lincoln and the old school, the members of this first graduating class have had realistic opportunities to demonstrate their splendid group spirit, fine imagination, and mature sense of responsibility as citizens of the school community, I believe they will go on to larger areas of experience and study better equipped to meet the problems of our world.

As products of an on-going tradition in education, I know that they will carry with them something of both Horace Mann-Lincoln and the New Lincoln Schools. I feel that we could not be better represented.

John J. Brooks



student

activities

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Act One

Announcer: With a new school we had a chance to build a new and different type of student government. This is our story; how we argued, struggled, compromised, and in the doing built a new and different type of student government. (*thunder in background*) Listen! (*applause*)

Voice 1: Make it progressive, throw out tradition and have something really different.

Voice 2: Sure, that's the ideal, but will it work? For efficiency there must be a ruling body. The masses can't rule themselves....we can't have anarchy here.

Voice 3: We'll have a town meeting with an elected steering committee that plans the agenda....follow the Quaker line, give the minority a voice and concense....(*loud applause*)

Announcer: So we compromised and got along with our fellow men. But when we talked, we did not talk of the bigness of the thing which we had done....

Secretary of meeting: I've copied those damn notes four times....efficiency hell....

Student 1: The trouble is - nobody's interested. Canasta, after all, is not quite the thing when one is learning to be a citizen of the world.

Student 2: Go on, get up and say something....even if you have nothing to say, get up and say you agree. Say anything, but say it.

Chorus: (*singing in background to tune of "Ballad for Americans"*)
Building a government was mighty tough
The students found the going rough.
Thirteen committees were quite enough
So they started to disband....(*fade out*)

Announcer: That's right, that's the idea. The committees were found to be weakening the power of all, undermining the democratic spirit, causing a lack of unity. So we went back to only one standing committee, stripping the government to its bare essentials, but in reality we have stepped forward. We are young and strong, we build and change and build again...(*jubilant voices softly singing Hallelujah in background*) We look ahead....(*music swells*)

STUDENT LEADERS' CONFERENCE

Dear Student Leader:

We of the New Lincoln School in conjunction with the National Self Government Committee are sponsoring a conference for student leaders from New York City high schools. It will be held...

Where's Don... Must find Don... Won't somebody please, please be on a panel?... How am I supposed to be a secretary when I can't write?... Hope we get something good to eat... Can't you lick just a little faster? Two hundred foul little stamps to go... But I just can't come to class... the conference you know... so time consuming...

Please check the panels which your representatives will attend, and indicate those to which you will send a moderator and/or a secretary...

The panel on competition decided to find a definition for the word. Competition is when ~~everyone~~ competes people strive for something that is greater - #333

And so we had a student leaders' conference...



THE NEW LINK

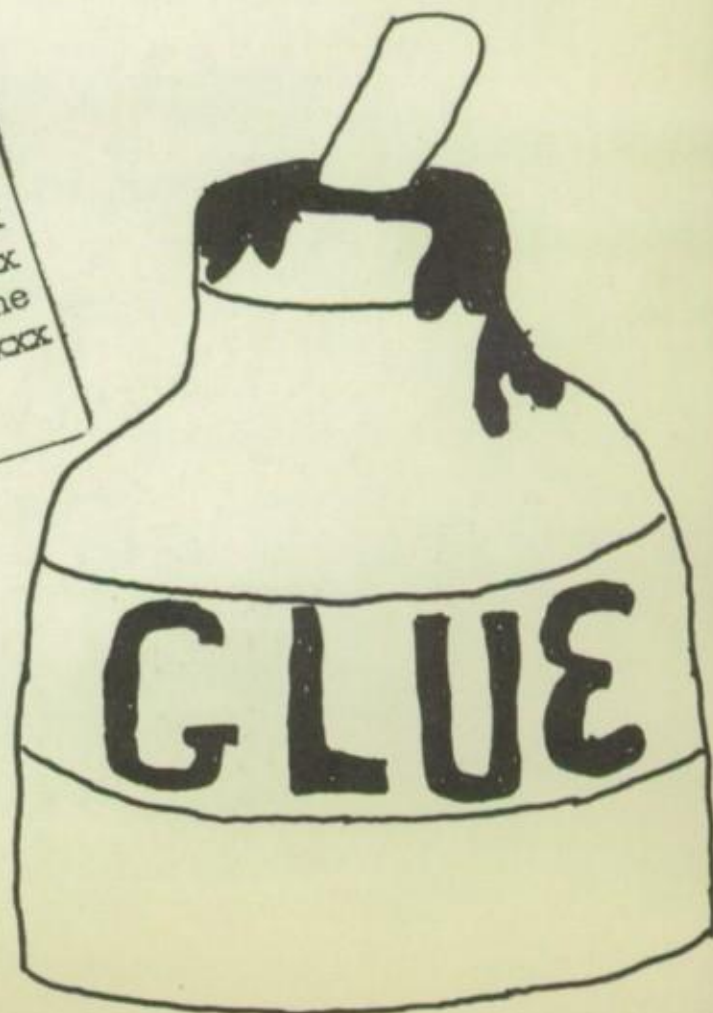
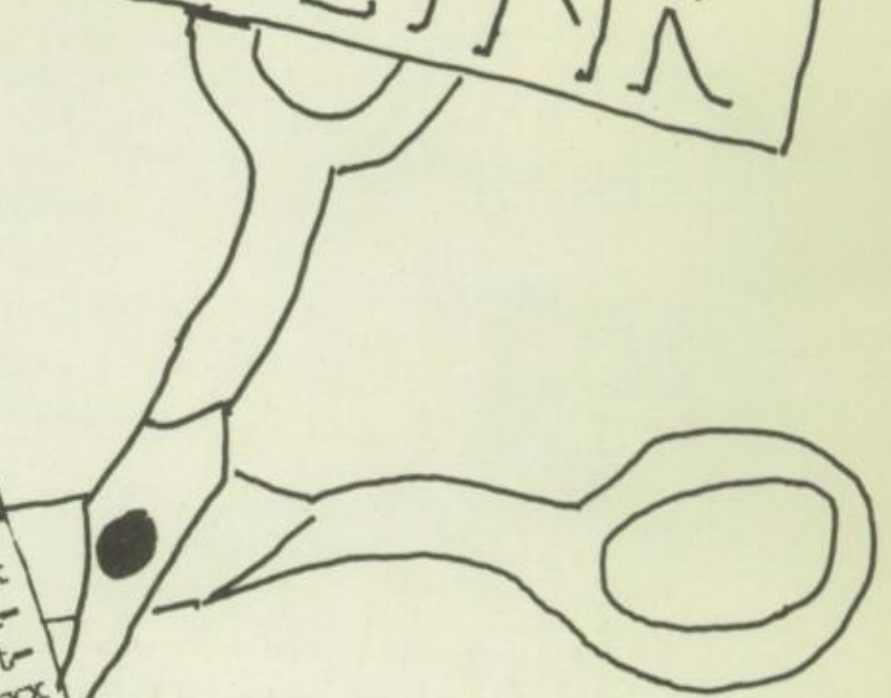
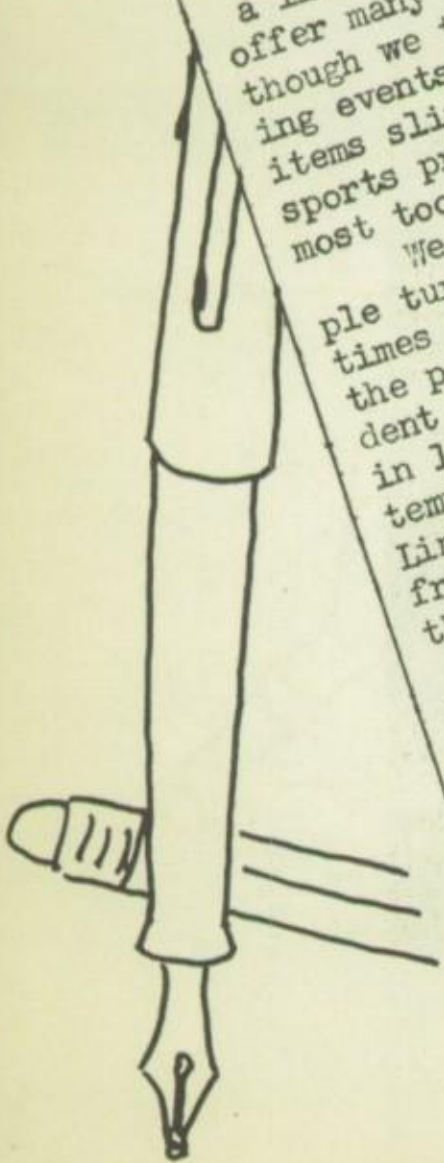
EDITORIAL

The staff of "The New Link" began the year determined to make the paper more important part of student activities than it had been before. However, we were handicapped for most of the year by the lack of an office, typewriters of our own and a regular meeting time. In the first year as possible and decided that the newspaper should be published every two weeks with several literary supplements as showcases for New Lincoln's creative genius.

Several people were recruited to illustrate the paper and they discovered with a little experimentation, that stencils offer many possibilities for drawing. Although we tried to cover as many interesting events as we could, some newsworthy items slipped by without mention and the sports program was felt to be covered almost too thoroughly.

We would have liked to see more people turn out for "The New Link", for sometimes in discouraged moments, we felt that the paper was being let down by the student body. We tried to stimulate interest in letters to the editor, but when our attempt failed we felt as though "The New Link" was indeed a one sided enterprise from which only those actually working on the paper were benefitting.

We received some just criticism and feel ourselves that the journalistic year was not entirely successful. However, we hope that next year's staff will be able to benefit from our mistakes and mold "The New Link" into a more vital channel of student expression.



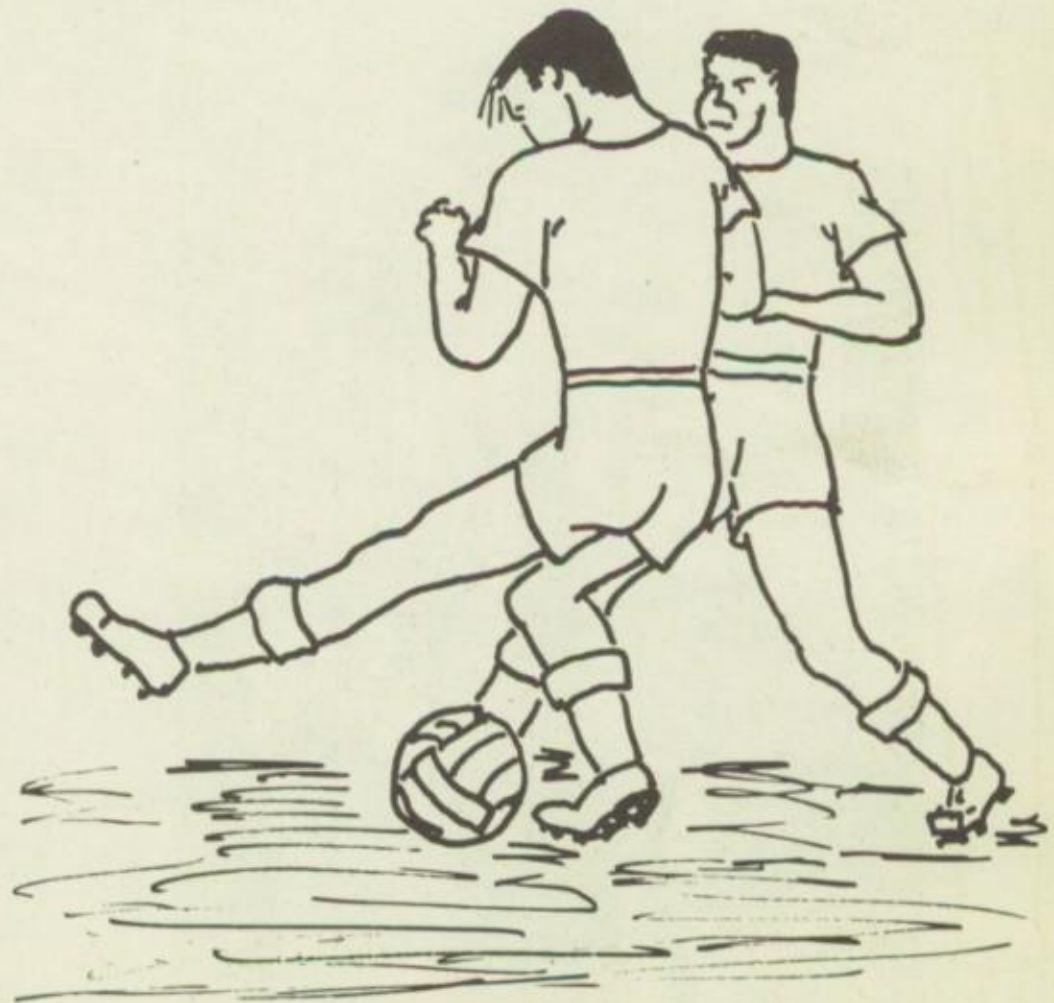
SPORTS

In a new school the sports are necessarily limited, but the athletic program has an opportunity to make a fresh start and to establish its own traditions. At New Lincoln, a small student body and limited athletic facilities made inter-school sports practically non-existent in the first year of the school. The result was modest athletes who did not expect golden crowns or medals at the end of a victorious season.



We had a perfect fall and spring playground which lay directly outside our windows, but Chief Gucker had quite a problem in picking a soccer squad of eleven and a softball squad of nine out of a high school with twenty boys one year and barely thirty the next. There also were no seniors in the 1948 season.

No one was surprised when the team's valiant efforts in their exhausting two game soccer and softball schedules brought rather unrewarding results. The basketball season that year proved interesting, if not handsome, in that our boys' team and our girls' team played both senior and junior varsities of other schools. Unable to play any home games because of the strange position of the baskets in our own gym, the teams found themselves on many different courts, whose only common trait was that they had a basket at each end.





There was disagreement over what term to apply to the weird postures and gesturing that went on in the girls' gym once a week, although it was listed in the catalogue under the innocuous name of modern dancing. The boys were invited but did not indulge.



Things began picking up in the second year of the school's existence: the strangeness was gone; the school was more secure; and there were seniors. Although a three win-two loss record is not perfection, there were signs of a fine soccer team. Winter brought a long and tough basketball schedule. Again although the record was far from excellent, the New Lincoln five proved to be more than just a pushover team. Their efforts merited them a position in the MAAPS and three of the boys made a good showing in its all-star game. The girls' basketball team



fared rather well too, although only one courageous senior made the team, and the second team at that.

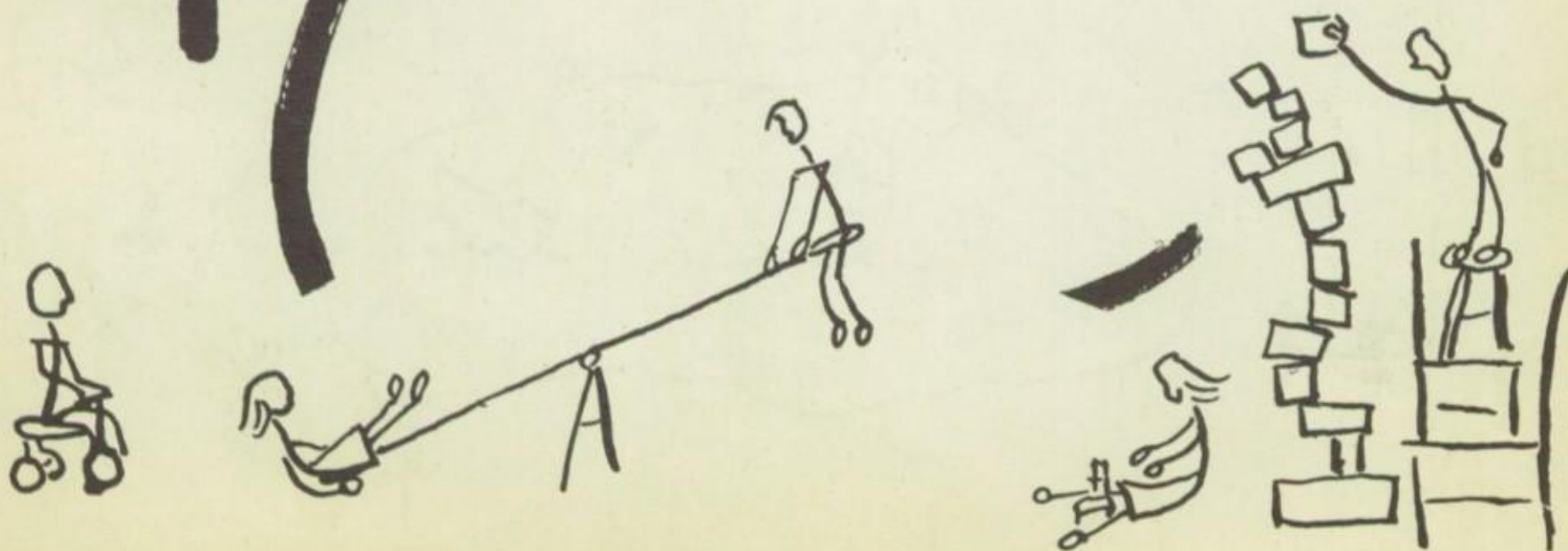


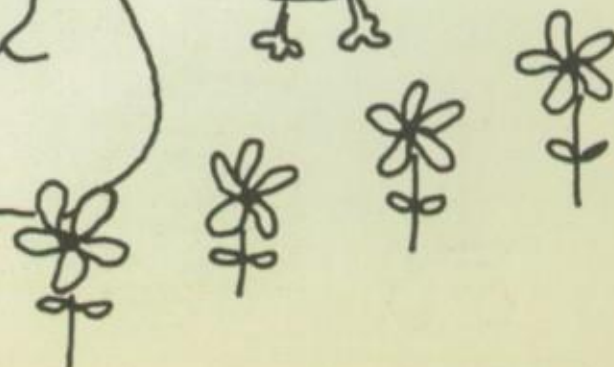
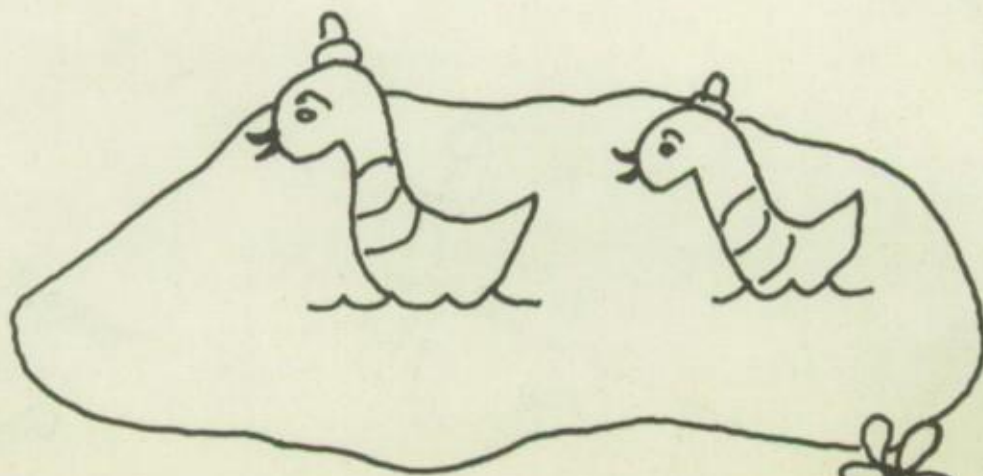
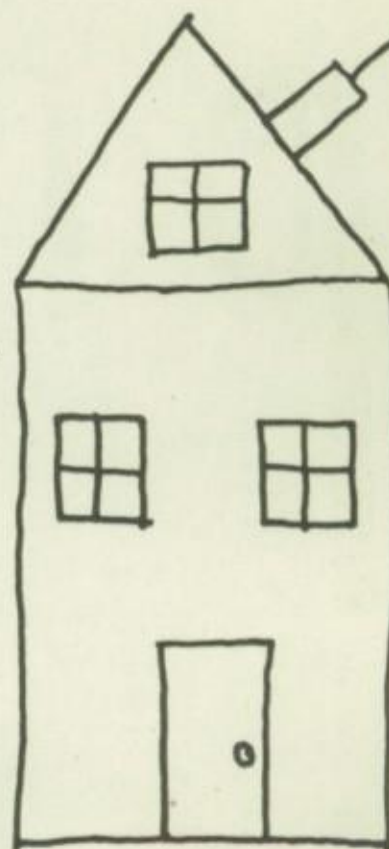
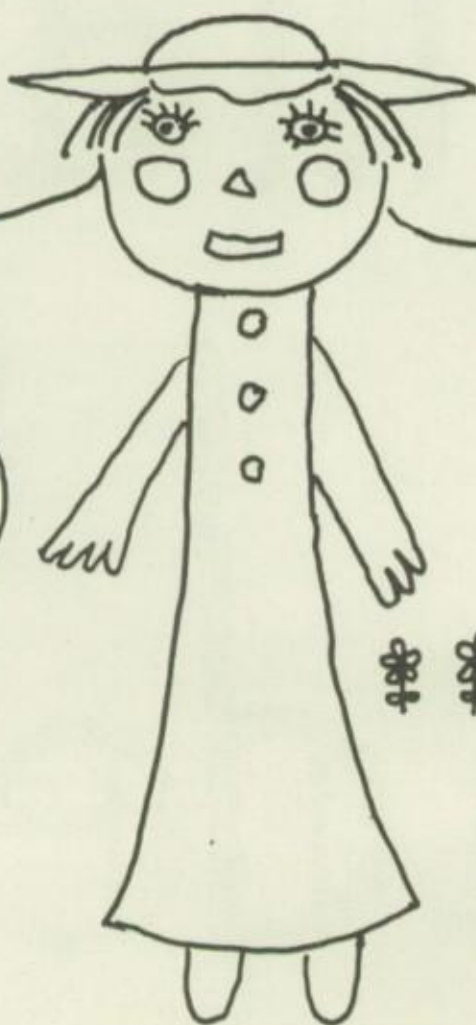
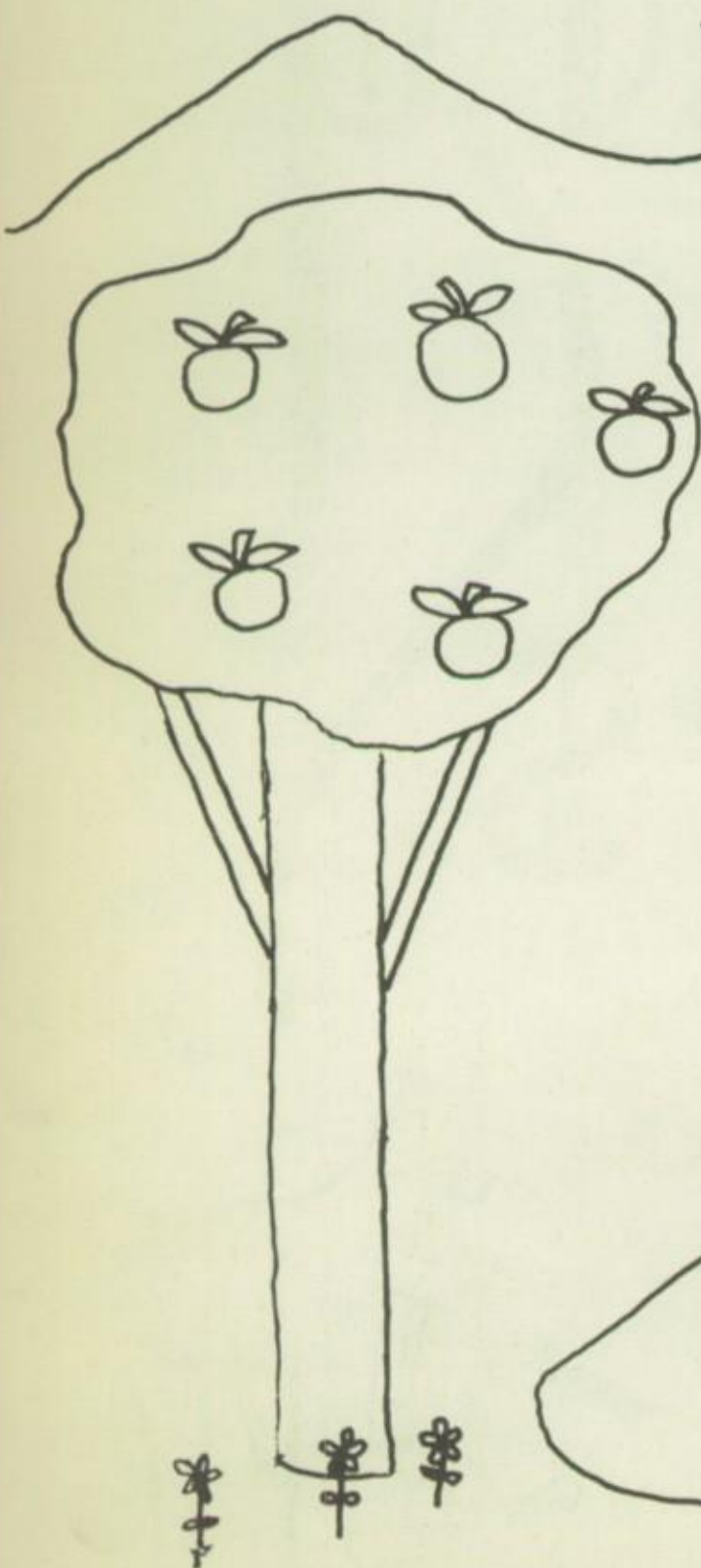
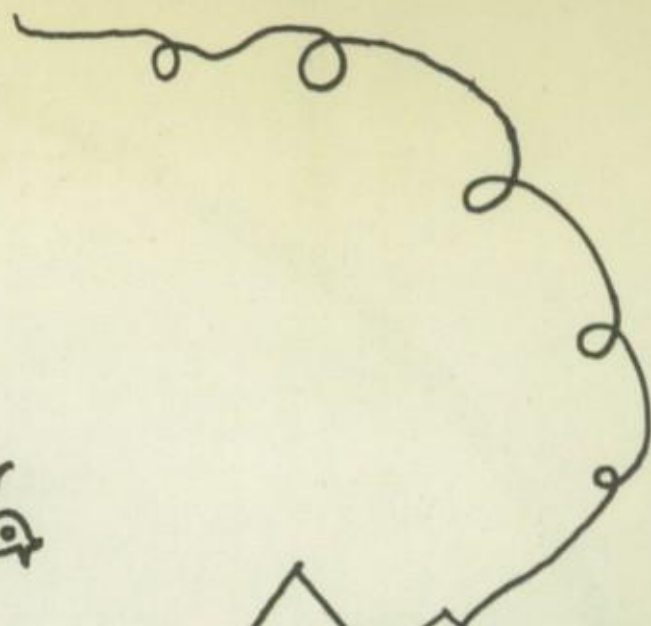
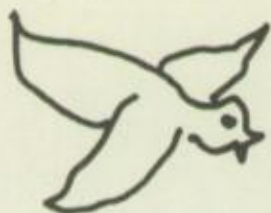
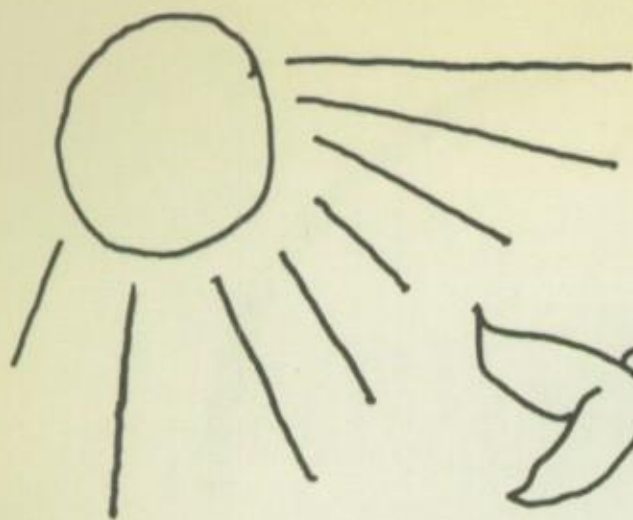
Now the first seniors have left the school and taken with them the school's six most accomplished shuffleboard players. Canasta, too, will suffer.





primary grades





THE KINDERGARTEN

Abrahams,	Jimmie
Blackman,	Elizabeth
Catlin,	Lisa
Clarke,	David
Epstein,	David
Epstein,	Sara
Finkel,	Robert
Iwataki,	Linda
Hooper,	Clifford
Leviton,	Dale
Loew,	Edgar
Muhr,	Alexander
Podnos,	Mia
Rice,	Virginia
Robinson,	Althea
Rosenberg,	Gerald
Rosenthal,	Pat Susan
Steig,	Susanna
Sydney,	Howard Lee
Zeisel,	John



THE FIRST GRADE

We start school with a meeting.
We take attendance.
Then we go up to the roof.
When we come down from the roof we have music.
Sometimes we go to studio, ceramics, and workshop.
We build with blocks;
We play checkers, parcheesi and fix puzzles.
We paint.
We read.
We go to the library.
We take trips.
We have gone to the museum,
The George Washington Bridge,
The Croton reservoir,
And the reservoir and gatehouse in Central Park.
We have lunch at school.
After that we rest.
Then we go to gym.



THE SECOND GRADE

In November we went to Joe Barsky's country home.
It is in Pound Ridge, New York.
We each planted a hemlock tree.
We rode around in a tractor cart.
We played in the fallen leaves.
Some of our parents went with us.
We ate turkey sandwiches, raw vegetables, ice cream, and cupcakes.
We drank milk.
We had lollipops, cookies, and juice just before we left.
Some of the children looked for foxes and foxholes.

We washed the potatoes.
We scrubbed the potatoes.
We put them in the oven.
Then we let them bake.
Miss Weber stuck a fork in them to see if they were done.
We ate them with butter and salt.

We had some interesting experiments with Mr. Trieger in science.
He used a hard boiled egg and a milk bottle in one.
He also used children to show the way pressure works.

Boys and girls go to school.
Why do you go to school?
Because that's the golden rule.



THE THIRD GRADE

We like to study science. Last fall we went to the park to look for cocoons and we found a lot of them. We had a hard time balancing our aquarium. The first four times we put in the snails they died, but the fifth time one survived. A few days later we discovered some baby snails. Then we knew our aquarium was right for the fish. Some of the children brought in a father and a mother guppy fish. One Monday morning we found six baby guppies in the aquarium.

The first week of school a basket of potatoes arrived. We grew them last year at one child's country home. We tested them and found that they have starch, minerals, and water. We boiled some of them in the cooking laboratory and they tasted delicious.

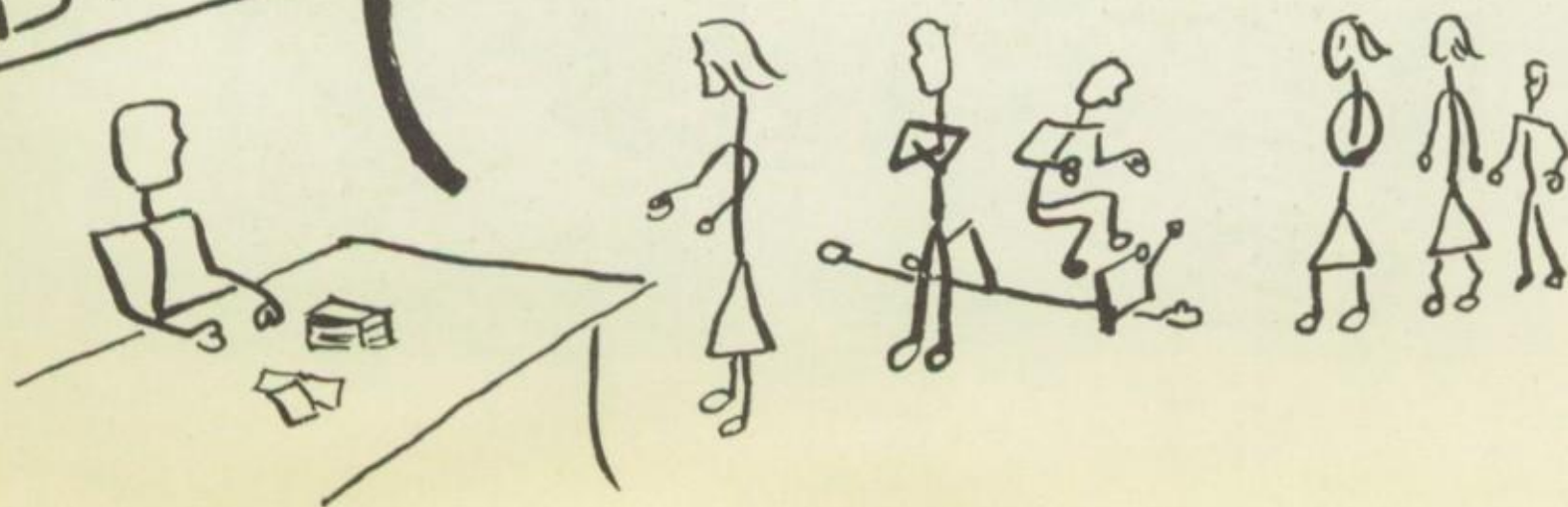
We learned about many things. One study was about wheat and its growth, how it is planted, harvested, and made into flour. We also studied the weather and we made rain, fog, clouds, dew, frost, and snow. Our class kept a record of the weather for February.

We study the weather
Light as a feather
And day after day
We all work together.



inter-age groups

BANK



GROUP A

One thing that our class enjoyed this year was its project work. Different groups worked at a lot of different projects. This spring, to give its information to the whole class, each group put on what we called radio programs. We had a microphone and our voices carried from the cloak-room into our own room where those not broadcasting were sitting.

We enjoyed putting on a play, "Mr. Toad". It was the story of "Wind in the Willows" but we shortened and changed it.

In the fall we got a puppet stage which we used. We gave puppet shows at the Christmas assembly.

We had three good student teachers: Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Brewer, and Miss Wolin. Mr. Brewer gave us a mouse and a record and lent us the microphone.

We feel we have found out about a lot of things this year, but we still have a lot to learn.



GROUP B

Our class has eleven boys and ten girls. Four new people joined us this year. We have opened a supply store for the school's use. Our core is New York City and we've been working on a map showing the important buildings of the City. We have woven the three R's, science, arts, and shop into our core.

Raymond
the go-
getter of
business
for the
supply shop.

Jane
the
lady in
the hoop
skirt.

Kate
who
loves
arith-
metic.

Alice
keeps
you on
the
subject.

Bobbie
her voice
goes down
with the
part of
Scrooge.

Peter
the noise
maker.

Linda
Mrs. Scull's
future style
designer.

Barbara
the future
manager
of Macy's

Jean
sneakers
today
hooray

Mrs. Scull
the teacher
of a rip-
roaring
class.

Carol
has hidden
talents
which some-
times come
to light.



Brenda
keeps to
her work.

Davies
the boogie
woogie
musician.

Eddie
is not the
most prac-
tical, hard-
working man.

Jonathon
has a
head full
of ideas.

Harold
the rat-man
and lab assist-
ant.

Dave
"I've got
a show
to tell."

Tom
"Hey
boys,
go to it."

Bill
"I'm first
for the
pick-up
sticks."

Paul
"Come
on
Wayne,
you can
do it."

Anne
the
book-
worm.

Wayne
is always
on the go.

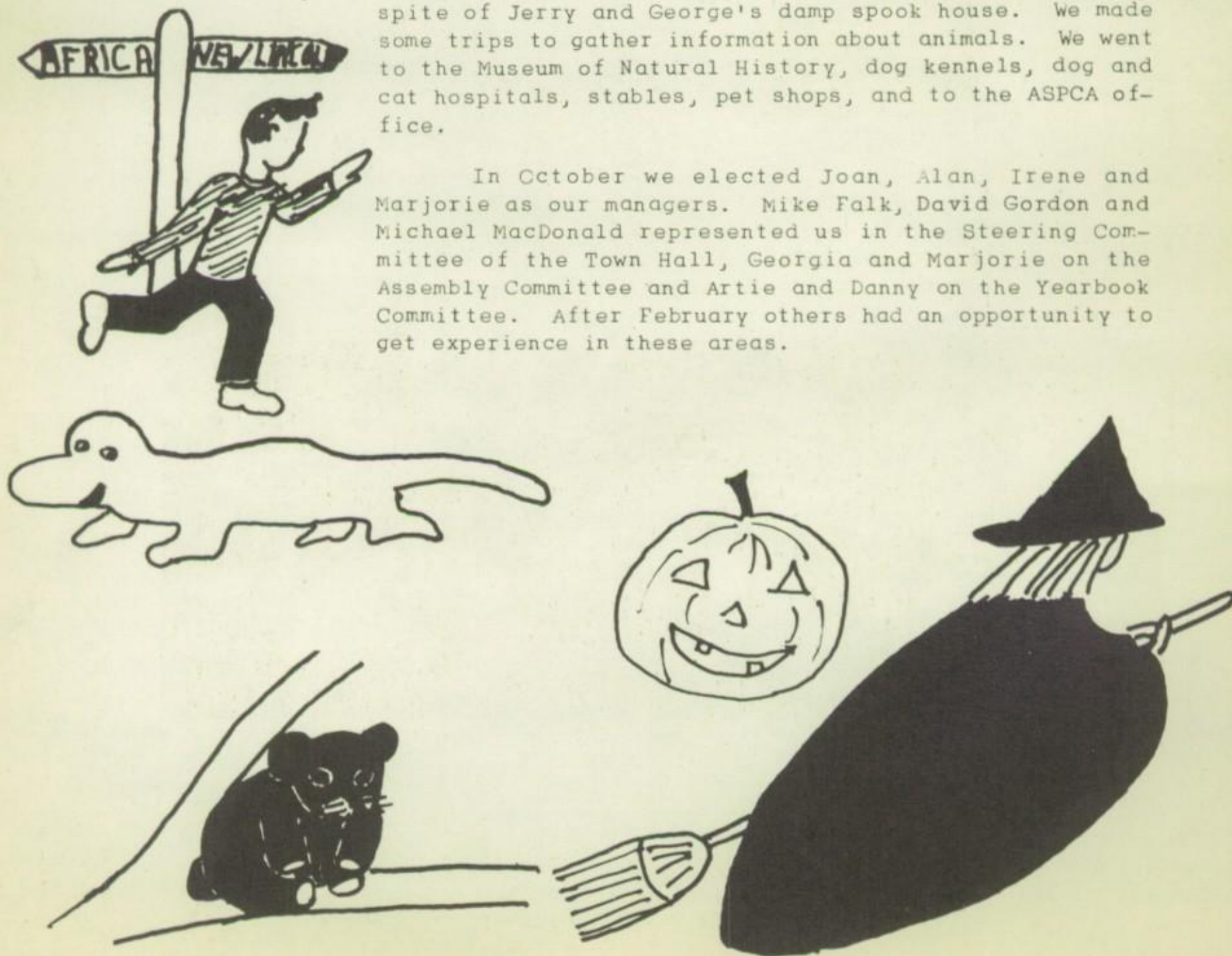
GROUP C

Group C began the year with nineteen members. Danny Klein and Michael MacDonald were our new members. Judy joined us late; George made a quick trip from Africa and all noses were accounted for. By Christmas our ranks were decreased when David Gordon moved to Boston.

During the first two weeks we tried to make our home for the year, 315, more attractive. Irene, Ann, Lenora, and Margery were busy measuring windows, selecting material, sewing, and buying curtain rods. One day we walked in and found our room gaily decorated with bright new curtains.

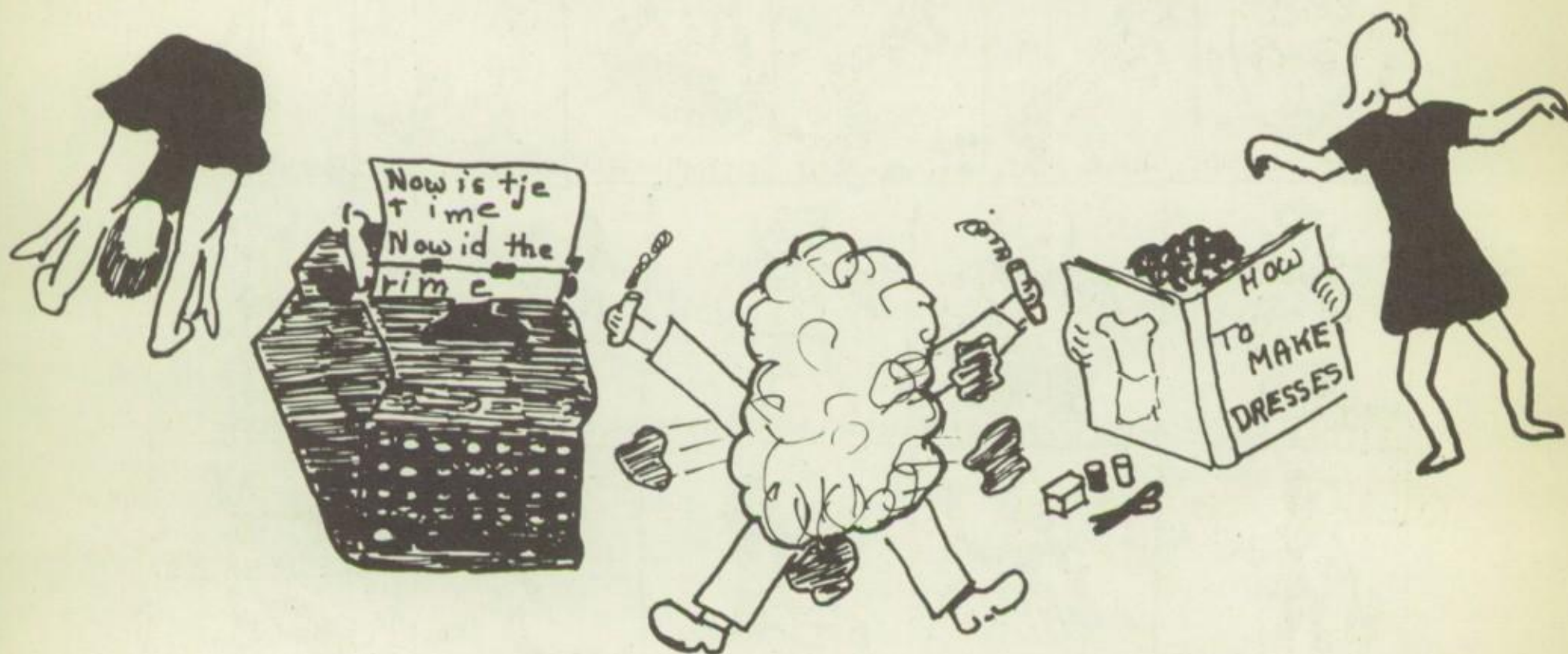
We were busy before the December holidays doing many things; raising money for our room, planning and having a Halloween party, writing and giving a play, and studying animals. We studied those we knew as well as the platapus and koala, which were included in David Rosenthal's report on Australian animals. The Halloween Party was a big success and our spirits remained high and dry in spite of Jerry and George's damp spook house. We made some trips to gather information about animals. We went to the Museum of Natural History, dog kennels, dog and cat hospitals, stables, pet shops, and to the ASPCA office.

In October we elected Joan, Alan, Irene and Marjorie as our managers. Mike Falk, David Gordon and Michael MacDonald represented us in the Steering Committee of the Town Hall, Georgia and Marjorie on the Assembly Committee and Artie and Danny on the Yearbook Committee. After February others had an opportunity to get experience in these areas.



After a wonderful Christmas vacation everyone came back ready for great things in 1950. We chose New York for our next study and were amazed to find it such a vast subject. We also chose individual projects which ranged from dress designing to chemical magic. Bill is all set to become a speed typist and Paul and Jenny, with other sixth and seventh graders, are fast perfecting the techniques of the dance.

All in all it's been a great year. Madame King, how are you feeling?



GROUP D



GROUP E

Hubby is a grand old guy;
He'll help you to the end.
For everybody knows
That it's he who's man's best friend.

Phillipa loves to square dance;
She'll dance whenever she can.
With her good looks and charm,
She's out to catch her man.

Joanie with her golden curls
Is also in the running.
She'll catch the creature of her dreams
With plotting and with cunning.

For drawing cocker spaniels;
'Lainie has renown.
And when it comes to swimming
She really takes the crown.

Bobbie made a sailboat;
He made it in New Link.
He put it in his bathtub,
Then sadly watched it sink.

Patty is our fashionist;
What pretty clothes she has!
She says her hair is naturally blond -
A statement that we razz.



When Hughie starts his singing,
The ladies really swoon,
Especially with the high notes
That almost hit the moon.

Brooke is like his name;
His talk just keeps on flowing,
And when it comes to "Dodgers",
He's really in the knowing.

When Davie comes to bat
The whole team shouts with glee,
For when it comes to sports
He is a prodigy.

Whenever he goes to science
Our Danny is a whiz,
And you've never tasted hotdogs
Until you've tasted his.

Johnie on the dance floor
Suits the ladies to a "T",
And when it comes to running,
He's as fast as he can be.

If you did not know Lola
You might think her insane,
But underneath there somewhere
We know she has a brain.

Gail loves to sing and act;
She really does it well.
The whole class loves to tease her,
But we know that she is swell.

Dale has funny hair
That's always in a curl,
And for her love of animals
They call her "Nature Girl".

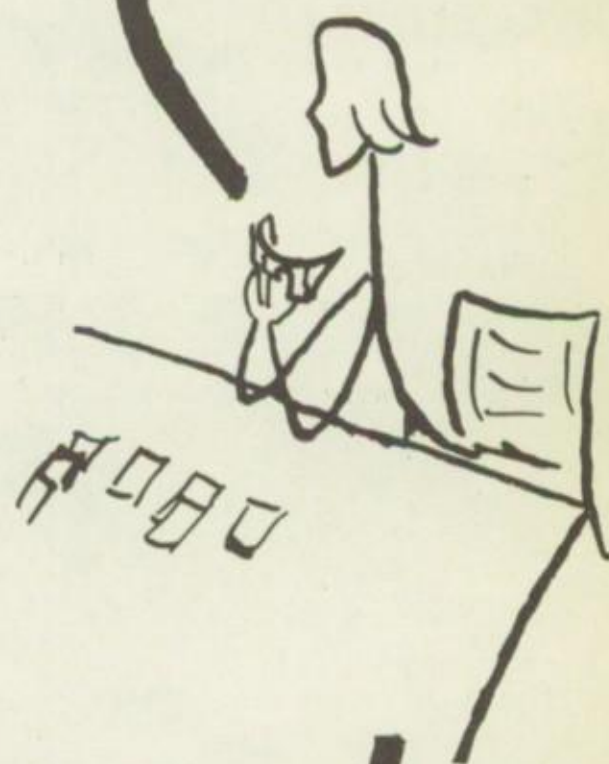
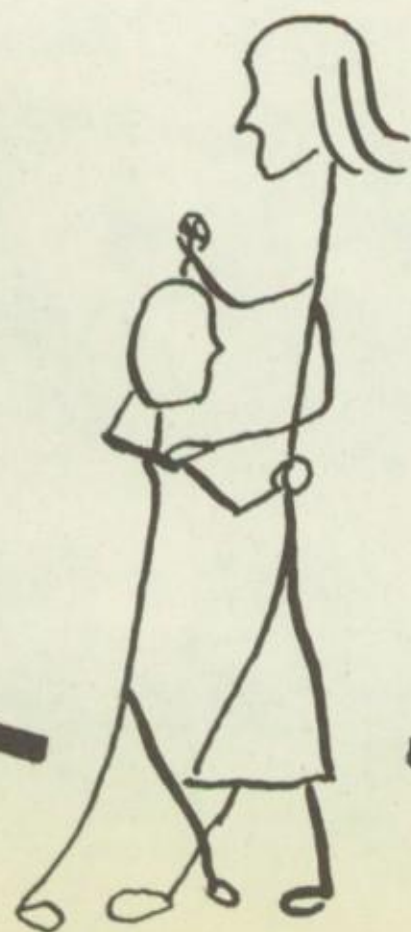
Ailyn is a cutie
With her black, wavy hair.
There is a special boy
Whom she would like to snare.

When Ursie plays the piano,
Her fingers move like magic;
But to see her with a math book,
Is a sight that's really tragic.

Stevie and his salamanders
Really beat the band,
And for his love of animals
He's known throughout the land.

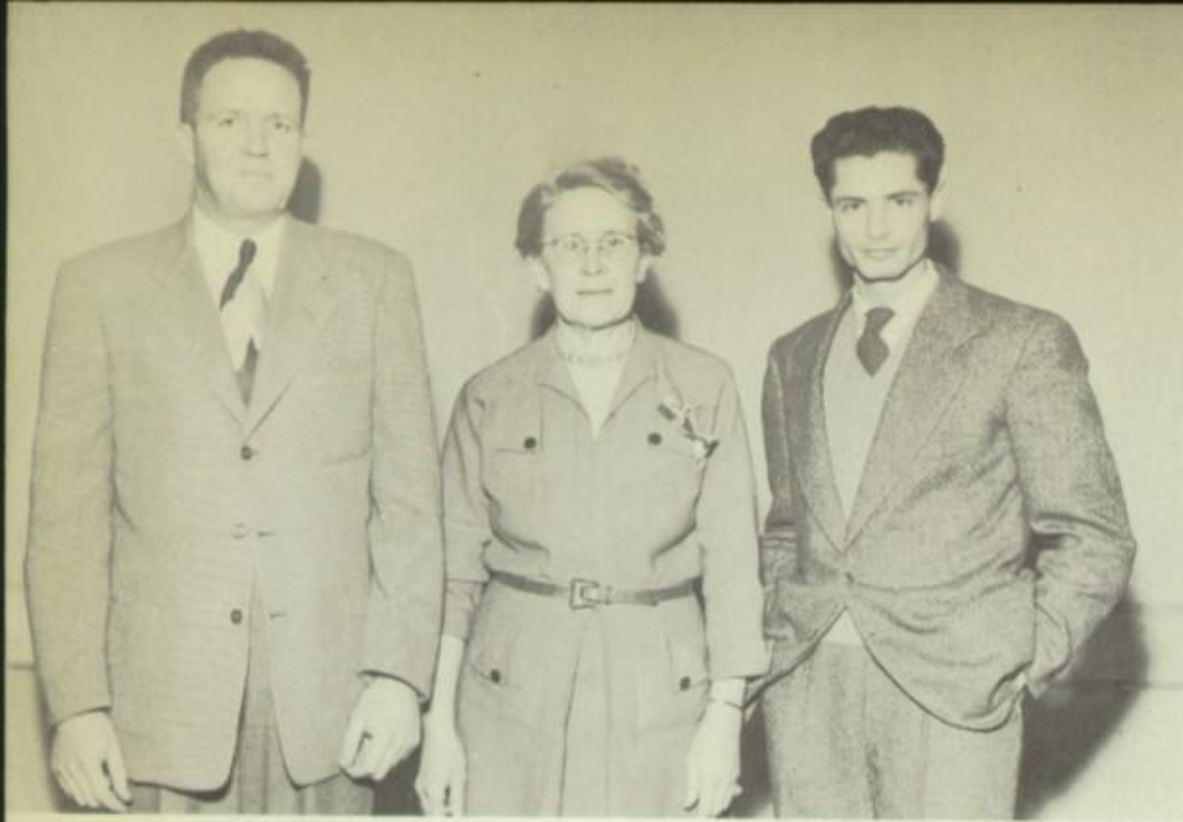
When Armie plays football,
He really is the best.
Our class is very happy
That he came here from the West.

high school









a Silvio - un chico bueno...
una futura buena y feliz

To Flash Jordan
the wood shark
Fitz Mattem





THE NINTH GRADE TIMES

LOOKING BACK

May, 1950--While looking through back files of the newspaper, we came across various articles concerning the ninth grade core project. We are reprinting paragraphs representative of the different phases of the core.

"November, 1949--Seventeen students are busy running around the city gathering information of the needs and wants of present day people. The students are mainly concerned with data on food, health, education, housing, and propaganda. After the investigation, reports will be presented to the class.

"February, 1950--The ninth grade

has found that it needs background for the new part of its core program, the needs and wants of the community. They are starting with the study of immigration to America during the period from 1600 to 1800.

"March 8, 1950--Today, in connection with their study of immigration the class went to Ellis Island to obtain information and observe conditions. This was one of a series of trips which also included visits to housing projects in the neighborhood."

Today it was reported that the overall topic of past and present needs and wants in the world and in the community has been investigated so thoroughly by the ninth grade, that this column wonders what remains for them to study next year.



REPORTER AT LARGE

Early this morning, we saw a long procession moving down a hall in the school building. Curious terms like trinomial and subscript re-echoed from the walls. Approaching one of the stragglers, we asked him what he was doing. He said that he and the other students had a math class with Miss Wood. We followed them and entered room 412. Amid groans of "Oh, I knew that." and "How does that check out," the class settled back. We began to feel uncomfortable when one of the girls said, "But if you subtract $3x$, doesn't the equation become $17x7$ over $34y$ minus $12.5xy$ times minus $7x$ over $38y$ plus $2xyz$." The answer was forthcoming with surprising speed. "No, in the step before you forgot to take into account the power of X ."

Edging toward the door, we took a last look at the heiroglyphics on the blackboard, then shrugged our shoulders and left the room.

THE WEATHER

The year started off with hot discussions turning into cooler spells of running around the city gathering information for reports. Things have been sizzling from time to time and every once in a while someone gets the cold shoulder. Otherwise, temperatures have been moderate. Forecast: fair and clear.

FAIR GOVERNMENT

It was decided this year that, in order to give jobs to as many people as possible, four sets of officers would be elected. The presidents were Phil Danzig, Eddie Gardner, Louise Burton, and Sally Williams. The busy notemakers were Hayes Lamont, Jane Mencher, Michelle Striker, and Ivan Merber. Those who craftily hoarded the treasury were Steve Perls, Carol Marshall, Michelle Striker, and Ivan Merber.



SPORTS

Gym, April--It has been reported that the NGC (Ninth Grade Class) has produced several promising athletes. Sally Williams, manager of the girls' basketball team, flicked balls through baskets and made fabulous scores. Ed Gardner was a member of the boys' basketball team. The girls' junior varsity was made up mostly of ninth graders. Both the boys' and girls' teams beat the eighth and tenth grades in basketball.

In the beginning of the year, Steve Perls helped the boys' soccer team and Hayes Lamont was, perhaps, its best halfback.

High school sports are off to a good start for the ninth grade.

SOCIETY

There have been rumors that five families will be asked to leave their apartments if they continue to hold ninth grade round-robin parties.

These class parties have taken place once every month at different homes, and, luckily, there are enough students so that no one need be visited twice. The parties have lasted through the wee hours of Saturday mornings. Activities have included waking up neighbors, breaking up other people's houses, playing games, dancing, and eating. Attire has ranged from taffetas and suits, to bobby socks and dungarees. Class representation has been good and so has the fun.

ATOM SPLIT BY NINES

Lab., January--A press release has been received from room 804, announcing that seventeen renowned scientists have gathered to explore the atom. A steering committee volunteered to lead the way through the various nuclei and other sub-atomic particles. The scientists inquired diligently into the physical structure of the atom, taking a look at the protons, neutrons, and those fleeting particles, the electrons. Secret films from the labs of such famous scientific organizations as Westinghouse, General Electric, and Do Pont were shown. In addition, the scientists hugely enjoyed themselves with comic books - on the atom, of course.



POET'S CORNER

Elaine is like a little mouse
Because she's nice and quiet.
The opposite is Sally,
Chatterbox and can't deny it.

Steve is hard to figure out.
He seems a wee bit shy.
And Phil's a junior devil,
But I really can't say why.

Jane, she is a dainty one,
Never was a bore..
Louise, she is a donkey,
He haw, he haw, he haw.

Eddie is the playful type,
But nice, I'll dare to say.
And Barbara is a dreamer,
A million miles away.

Chin is quite the silent kind
But nice to have around.
Steffie's nice and jolly
And seldom wears a frown.

Rachel is a listener
But brings her point to light.
Francis is a scientist
And thinks he's always right.

Hayes is the reserved one
But can be fun also.
Michelle is often very sweet
And very nice to know.

Jonathan is nice at times
And fits in with the clan.
And Carol is an okay kid,
A roller derby fan.

Next is Ivan, Steffie's twin,
Might say a double feature.
Connie's last, but not the least,
She is the lucky teacher.

EDITORIAL

The question of whether or not we have really been a united group this year has two sides. As a class we have worked together and worked very well. Yet, socially, we tended to pull apart and to be cliquish. Half our class was new this year, and we didn't know one another very well. Each of us had his own views, but we found that we could cooperate. We feel now that the class has benefited and has been enriched by each student's background and ideas.



THE TENTH GRADE

We were a small class this year, with only sixteen people. Among these were some very colorful characters, however. Our skills and talents ranged from those of cartoonist Steve Knight, to those of Silvio Estrada, a genius at the piano. This year found us well supplied with core teachers: Messrs. John Davis, Jack Ryskind, and Leon Rosenthal. These gentlemen were unusual in some respects, but we think they were swell.



It was under their leadership that, after a bit of debating, we decided on our goal for the year - "a better understanding of the world today". A few diehards fought to break core down into English and Social Studies. This was partly accomplished; starting in November we had one period of straight English a week. The other ten periods were still referred to as core. We experimented in methods: our first project, which was the world food problem, was all group work; the next project was completely teacher led.

This study centered around atomic energy from the social aspect, but took in the U. N. and a little about the tricks of commercial advertising. Core temporarily intergrated with our science course, in which, among other things such as astronomy and astrology, we studied atomic energy from the scientific aspect.

Our next core project was concerned with the study of a primitive society as compared to a modern one. The class read "Coming of Age in Samoa" by Margeret Mead. When we began to study the modern culture, we found it necessary to study its main influences, in this case the Greek, Roman, and



Hebrew. We read and enjoyed "The Odyssey" as an example of Greek literature, and most of the Bible as an example of Hebrew literature. We followed our study of early Christianity by the reading of Dante's "Divine Comedy".

We were geometry students this year. Miss Wood was our guiding light, leading us over the difficult places and explaining everything in detail. Despite this, there were arguments every day. "But Dave," Sue would say, "you can't do that unless you've proved that triangles ABC and ABD are congruent, according to proposition 20, section 76, on page 149." "I beg your pardon, I can, in only 23 steps by..."



Miss Axelson need not wonder why nobody gained much weight this year, what with a rugged physical education program that included square-dancing, soccer, swimming, basketball, tennis and baseball. Several of our athletes made the varsity teams.





The tens accomplished much in French this year, thanks to the excellent teaching of Madame Browne. Patiently, she drilled us in idiomatic expressions, irregular verbs, and personal pronouns. She brought us the sad tale of Frantz, in "La Derniere Classe", and the heart-breaking story of old Colonel Jouve in "Le Siege de Berlin", both short stories by Alphonse Daudet. After these, we read "Le Petit Prince" by Antoine de Saint Exupery. What's more, we did some recording this year, thus improving our pronunciation. (Imagine hearing yourself as another Charles Boyer!) Two of the class took Spanish with Senor Villarejo.

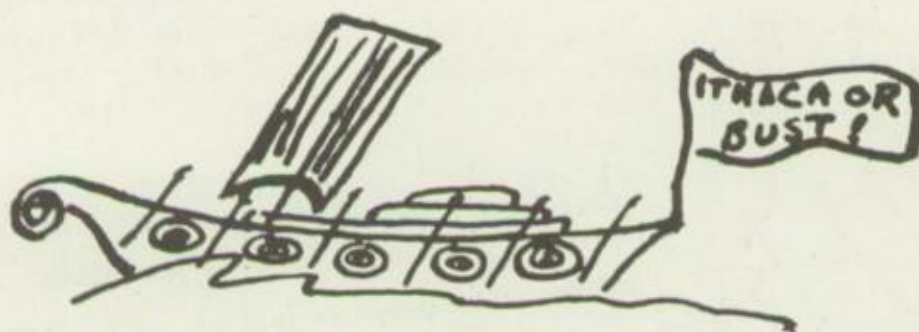
One of our extra-curricular activities was the forming of the audio-visual aids committee, under the supervision of Mr. Davis. It was formed mainly because of the need for operators to run the movie projector. However, its members, all the tenth grade, also did other jobs such as ordering and returning films, announcing them to the faculty, and filing film catalogues. Gradually, the other classes began to share and take over the duties of the committee, until it became an all school committee. Let it be remembered, however, that we, the tenth grade, were the pioneers.

We feel that we have really learned to work as a solidly united group this year, and that we are able to face any problems that next year may bring with a firm understanding.



THE ELEVENTH GRADE

During its study of ancient history, the eleventh grade took a short four year trip to Greece to investigate ancient ruins. While they were there their mentor and guide, R. N. Bliss, uncovered several tablets upon which there was ancient Greek script. It turned out that these were the lost books of "The Oddysey", which had been sought by many historians and archeologists since the dawn of history. We reproduce a translation of them here for posterity.



Then rose, with rosy-fingered dawn, from his bed the noble Oddyseus in the house of Alcinous, king of Phaecia. And once more called they him to their court to discuss with them his journeys and adventures. After the marvelous minstrel, Demodocus, had finished with singing the deeds of the mail-clad Achaeans, Alcinous came upon Oddyseus and to him he said, "Noble stranger, will you continue your tale that was left unfinished yesterday?" And to him said noble Oddyseus, "Why, I will indeed", and he began.

"After we had weathered the rage of the Cyclops and steered away our sleek ship from his treacherous isle, we sailed for many days, tossed at the whim of Poseidon, the Earth-shaker, hither and thither, all the while wishing more and more to be home in our own rocky Ithaca. Suddenly, however, we came upon a strange isle that stood alone in the middle of the sea, barren and rocky. Not knowing what lay in store, we steered our swift, black ship toward the craggy island. Landing suddenly upon the firm and stony shore, we quickly disembarked, and headed up the craggy cliffs that surrounded the center of the island.

"The first inhabitant we saw was an aged figure, bent double with his years, perusing a tablet on which were written three strange words: 'The New Link'. I boldly stepped forward and greeted him. 'Alas', he said, 'I am doomed to wander this craggy isle forever and to pray to the gods that I may be protected from the wrath of Blysseus, the Pencilshaker'. As the ancient disappeared down a lonely path, muttering into his gray beard, there came in sight a fair and lovely blond-haired damsel. We approached her and asked,

'Do you know the name of yonder aged one?' 'Ay, verily,' she said, 'and I also have imprinted my thoughts on that tablet that he reads. I am the nymph whose function is to make "The New Link" bloom every two weeks. This I do with the aid of my genie, Mimeographus.' 'Where does this Mimeographus abide that we may seek him out?' 'Ah, you cannot do that, fair stranger, for he lives in the underworld, covered with inky blackness, and anyone who touches him becomes of his color. I bid thee farewell. See ya sometime, kid.' And, so saying, she betook herself down the road after the aged one. Next we came upon a strange creature, wearing some strange manner of goggles over his eyes, who sat playing a peculiar type of lute, with hammers to pluck the strings instead of his own fingers. There he sat, hurling every manner of curse and damnation upon his instrument. Indeed, as we first approached, we heard him

say, 'Ah'm so durned mad ah could spit!' (*Translator's note: This particular personage was probably from southern Greece.*)



"Leaving this mad minstrel hammering his instrument, we reached a strange edifice, standing in the true center of the island. From it came cries resembling those heard from souls in Hades; every manner of anguished shriek poured forth from the great building. Warily, we stepped inside, fearing for our lives. It was then that we were in the presence of the great Pencil-shaker, Bob Blysseus. With a cry of greedy rage, he swooped down, seized two of my men, knocked their heads together, and made a meal of them.

As he sat licking his chops, we withdrew to a protected corner of the chamber, cowering in fear. But the great Pencil-shaker drew us therefrom saying, 'Need not fear, for I shan't touch anymore of your men, two being the standard meal in these parts. Come see our hardy slaves at work.' And so saying, he lead us to two great rooms. 'There are two hard masters here, Physicus and Biologus; let us regard Physicus first.' As we stepped into the great hall, we were arrested by the horrifying scent of Toluol, which is used to purge the poor victims of their sins. There sat the poor, cowering slaves, adding ciphers and reciting formulae in a strange gibberish. Indeed, one was trying to draw an egg from a flask into his mouth.

"Near by us sat one of the slaves who drew forth from his pocket two long, slender, interlocking wooden rods, and this curly-headed youth commenced abstruse figuring on the contraption. The awe-full Blysseus then said unto us, 'Yon curly-headed youth goes by the name of Slide-rul-erides, condemned for the remainder of his life to think and speak only by means of this fiendish sliding



rod! Over in another corner of the great hall, there appeared before our amazed eyes the figure of a care-worn maiden, hunched over the leaves of a beautifully engraved booklet entitled 'The U.N. Report on Atomic Energy'. Spake Blysseus then unto us, 'There you view a studious maid, well-learned in the manners and morals of atoms, with hope foremost in her heart to one day become high priestess of Physicus.



"Turning our eyes from these tortured ones, we entered the room of Biologus. There, was a collection of ghoulish creatures poking about in the inner workings of dead rats and relishing the grisly sight. 'Oh, lead us away!' we cried, and Blysseus brought us unto the rooms where the unfortunate slaves were schooled in complicated manipulations with numbers. Seated beneath a towering black slate was the mentor of this class, chanting incomprehensible words at her stupified charges. A vague and unsubduable murmur filled the high-walled room. Tomorrow, tomorrow was the day of the long-dreaded supreme sacrifice...tomorrow was the day of *the test*! Then, above the babbling, worried populace rose mightily the cry, shrill and vibrating, of a maiden blond and scowling, whose voice my men and I could compare to naught in our travels but the screeching eagles of Zeus almighty. Even as we turned to Blysseus, the Pencilshaker, for explanation of this phenomenon, the light-haired damsel leapt from her seat to defy the

word of her lord, the mentor of the black slate, and conducted forth were we, out of that mighty chamber.

"Shortly thereafter, conducted were we by Blysseus unto the rooms where strange tongues were taught: that of the Gauls in the north and that of the Illyrians in the west. Upon glancing into the room of the Gaulic language, we were immediately struck by the sight of the great dispenser-of-wisdom attempting, ay, using all the powers which the gods had given her, to curb the antics of a bushy-haired youth seated in a corner of the chamber. It was of no avail. My men were fairly frightened out of their wits by the guttural, ape-like mutterings coming from his throat, and the flapping of arms



and slapping of thighs which accompanied the outburst. As the rest of the group busied itself in copying down bits of Gaulic history and pertinent aspects of Gaulic grammar, there rose from the back of the room a piercing voice which shrieked, 'Touch me again and I'll scream!' Frightened lest we should be swept into the clutches of the bushy-haired youth, and having seen enough, we hastened from that door and sped on frightened feet unto the chamber of those who wished to be educated in the mysteries of the Illyrian language. The great Pencilshaker, Blysseus, having peered around the door, informed us with gracious words that the gloom and darkness which were in that chamber would prevent us from viewing the sacred rite which was being performed; they were seeing a movie. With heads bent and sorry countenance, we were ushered along the great hall.

"While in our wanderings, we saw the great hall of feasting whence came the sound of dishes clashing one against the other, and a merry chatter of voices. Turning our backs upon this heartening scene, we were confronted with a horrible spectacle. There, before our astonished eyes, was a deep, enclosed pit wherein dwelt a horrible monster, barred and suspended from cables, which engulfed unfortunate passersby on upper levels and spewed them forth on the lower ones. While we feasted our eyes on this marvel, the monster stopped before us and disgorged a fair young girl with graceful, black tresses, who said not a word but smiled graciously upon us and hastened on. Before she was out of sight, Blysseus called her unto him and said, 'As thou art my slave and as these noble strangers have asked me for my counsel, I would desire it of you that you hasten to deliver this message of import.' Not biding one more instant, the girl hastened away into the unknown depths and we were left alone. Spake no more Blysseus, but led us into the black cage and, although my men shivered and shook, I strode in boldly as a lion to the kill, for had I not seen the monster Scylla, with her six heads and cruel teeth?



"Arriving safely at the lower levels, Blysseus brought us into the rooms where slaves shaped figures out of the clay of mother earth, while others busied themselves with daubing paint on tablets or hacking great boards of sweet-smelling pine, while yet others brewed vile concoctions in great ovens. We paused to watch two youths, one tall and slender, and the other with his hair close-cropped. While we observed them, they were stirring a large pot of white, creamy substance, which would later be shaped into a mold, thus enabling large quantities of trinkets to be manufactured and eventual large sums of money to be gained. We listened to their conversation. Said the tall one to the shorter one, 'Hark friend, unto the thundering footsteps of the approaching Blysseus.' And answered hastily the other, 'Hurry, let us hasten to end our work and then take ourselves hence.' Impressed by the industriousness of these two stalwart lads, we flung a last glance at the swirling pot of plaster and wended our way past scattered busy people, all the



while smelling the odors of tantalizing foods cooked by the young slaves. Finally, we entered a huge chamber painted the color of raw heart of egg. Turning to the Pencilshaker, Blysseus, we were told that this was the holy of holies, the core room.

"Then spake the noble Blysseus to us, saying, 'My friends, though I have wandered far to show you the confines of this place, I bring you at last to my home, the place where, when the sun is beyond its zenith, I spout forth wisdom from my lips. Here taught I the story of the founding of that nation across the sea known as the Soviet Union, and now that that study is completed, I

and my subjects do delve into the civilization of ancient Greece, hoping one day to progress unto a general understanding of that glorious ball which is our earth. Here, also, do they school themselves in the art of writing graceful phrases, and expressing their innermost passions on various topics which I do to them assign.' Upon entering this chamber, we were struck first by the sight of a bony, dark-eyed youth carrying a large sack in his arms. Upon peering more closely, we perceived numerous crumpled bits of paper protruding from the sack and settling onto the floor like locusts settle upon corn. As the youth madly pawed through the sheaves of paper, Blysseus spread his hands in a gesture of despair. 'Ay,' spake Blysseus, 'he is moved by his innermost soul to fill pages and pages with closely-packed manuscript comprising an epic called "The Train".' As soon as the youth was seated, silence fell o'er the room and we found our eyes resting on a short raven-haired maiden who commanded the group to cease their infernal babbling. Evidently, she held executive power in the group. She spoke to a wavy-haired youth, who was humming a musical tune in a deep tenor voice, 'How progressed you yesterday on your mission of rug-shampooing, the purpose of which is, in time, to replenish our barren treasury?' 'Fair one,' quoth he, 'my mission went right well and I and my companions have had the great fortune to receive for our labor, \$7.25, which will, in due course, be entrusted to the class treasurer. Also have I left half a bottle of rug-cleaning fluid.' Then, with flowing words which filled the room with music, shouted she, 'Fluid, shmoooid, varlet! How darest thou clutter up our meeting with such hog-wash.' Hence followed a stormy debate which my poor brain could not follow, with various miserable individuals in the group being singled out for more labors, including one especially vicious one called baby-sitting. Then, with a roar and a clatter, the group rose from their chairs and fled hence. We followed at a safe distance.

"Shortly thereafter, we encountered them again, this time segregated. The youths were in the greatest hall of all; the damsels, dressed in black tights, were in the assembly hall where men fear to tread. Hastening to the men's hall, we saw that its walls were lined with hoop-suspended nets into which the graceful youths tossed balls with airy abandon.



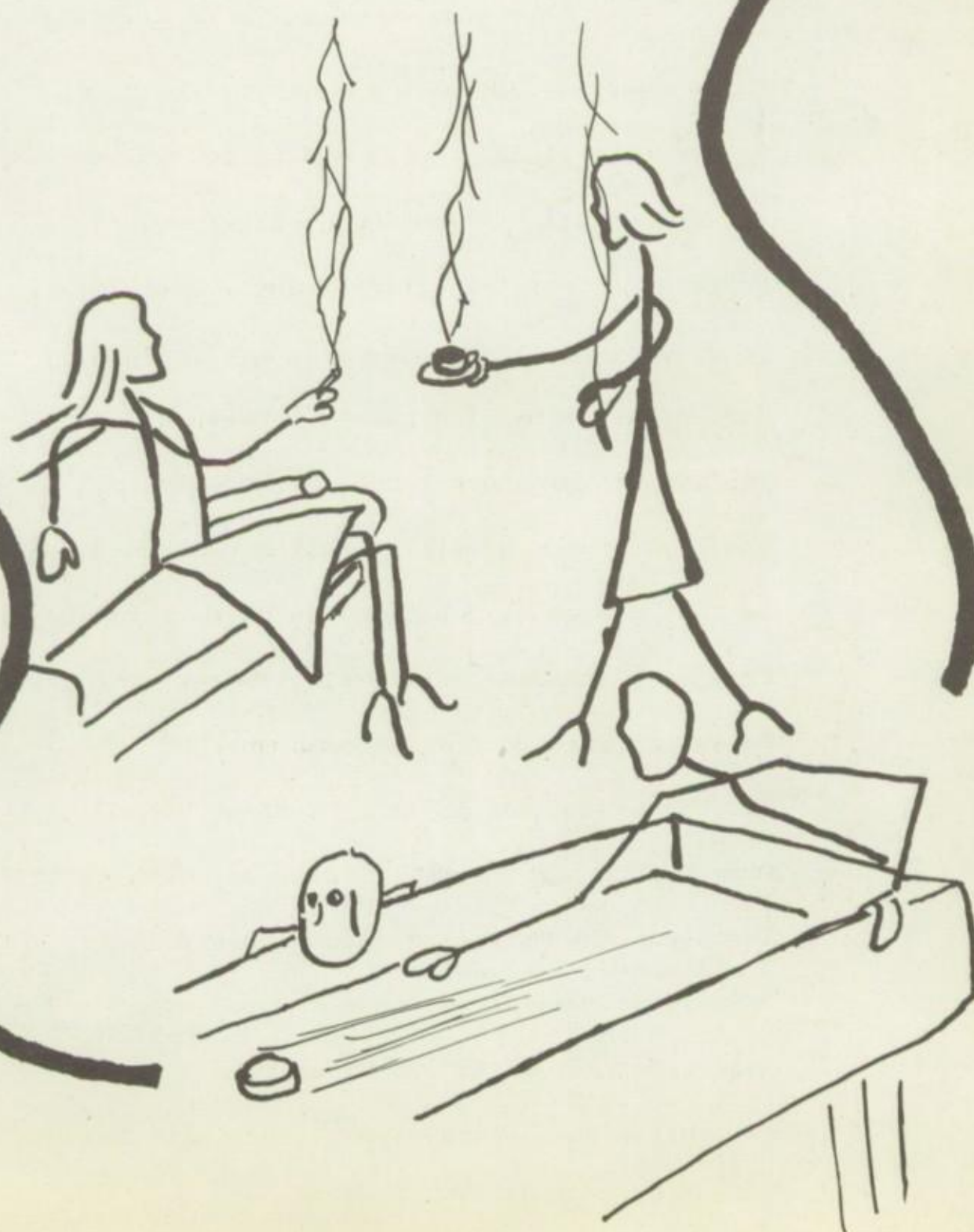
To Eugene - who never goes
to class - Sophie Dobekansky

We were especially struck by the appearance of one fleet youth who seemed to bound with steel-sprung feet o'er the paneled floor in pursuit of the ball. 'Ah,' smiled Blysseus, 'yonder leaping youth is the fleet-footed one whose greatest diversion is accomplishing dazzling gymnastic feats.' With a last glance we passed out of the hall, thinking that this was the sum of the activities which the slaves undergo. 'Ah nay,' cried Blysseus, 'come ye hither into our glorious Snack Pit, whence pours money into our starving treasury.' Then back went we into the brightly illumined hall of feasting, and saw we there merry people, eating and drinking to their hearts' content. Thither came the mentors, to be served by the graceful and smiling nymph behind the counter, for lo, it was the halo-haired one who directed this noble enterprise which brought nourishment into the puny bodies of the slaves. Scattered about the hall, were groups of slaves playing at canasta, while others played ping-pong or passed the time of day with their friends. Here sat another nymph, bustling like a hen around her nest, and she hastened unto Blysseus and informed him with grieved tone that there was no more vanilla. Blysseus gave her wise counsel, and she rushed away, with honey-colored hair brushing about her ears. I pushed onto the counter, and saw there the sweet cookies and sugar-frosted cake, which raised their heavenly odors even unto my nostrils. But there was no native currency in my possession and, alas, neither the slender nor the swift-striding nymph did relent, and I was forced to leave without sampling the delicacies served by the institution.

"Hence went I and my men, and after bidding farewell to Blysseus at the entrance of the building, we hastened to our ship. It was not far to go, already we could hear the crystal waves lapping the shore. The sun went down and all the ways were dark, as we came unto our ship and entered aboard it. Forth went we over the wine-dark sea in our swift, black ship, but we did not speak, for each man was thinking for himself about what he had seen that day."



seniors



There was the time we said, "This day is first."
I can't remember now the way we felt,
But newness was the strongest thought, I know.
The room they gave us then was painted blue,
And in that room we learned and planned to find
The stuff of fact and thought we wished to know.

Good God,
Seven weeks and where are we...
Our goal for the year:
Happiness
and how to find it in five easy lessons...
Do you budget your time...
modulate your voice...
base your conclusions on fact...?

There came the day we moved to our new room,
And in that place of grey and yellow walls
We started out to read the greatest book -
No need to tell the title of that tome;
It came to mean our class with all its sides,
The endless time of argument between
The camp of pro, and those who were against
The thing named core, the word misused and bent.
So thus passed time and in the days we found
That core could be a hundred different things.
Communication was our password then,
And Donchian tried to tell us as we jumped
From thought to thought, that underneath it all
There was the thread of language never lost;
"Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote"
Made us wonder if it was of worth
"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite".

Mr. Donchian had a quandary:
 To core or not to core
 To student plan or teacher plan
 To lecture or discuss -
 So he gave us good ripe eggplant.



There was of course the time of day when we
 Got up and went to learn the finer points
 Des langues modernes, lesquelles nous etudions,
 Leyendo las novelas y los cuentos.

Se asomaron al balcón el enamorado Andrés,
 quien viendo a Preciosa, se puso pálido,
 y estuvo a punto de perder los sentidos...
 Sí, Sr. Ryskind, eso es, eso es, eso sí que
 es...Y se dejaba temer..I think it means..
 no, it means..Y ahora que estudiemos una historia
 corta del mundo...

Connaissez-vous un bon restaurant français?...
 N'ayez pas peur, Agnes. Soyez tranquille,
 nous ne manquerons pas le train...Je suis
 née depuis des siècles et je ne mourrai
 jamais...et Monsieur Emmitouflé a mangé, mangé,
 mangé until he could manger no more...

In core we went ahead and learned the How
 Of keeping cards and sorting quotes to find
 If Andrew's and Natasha's souls could meet
 Or symbols say the things of word and line.

Mrs. Barrows was an authority on bibliographies.
"One must use cards,
five by eight, for notes.
Never notebook paper.
Do you want to look like an inter-ager, honey?"

We later spent our days and long black nights
In writing words and shaping, as we slaved,
The phrases of our thought to page's size.
These things we called reports and read aloud
Before the class. The others took the time
To catch a moment's space of wanted sleep.



One day we took our laughter and our lunch
And in a cavalcade of shiny cars
We went to Rhinebeck where we hoped to find
A ray of sun, a patch of grass to tell
That winter's plight was o'er and new spring come.

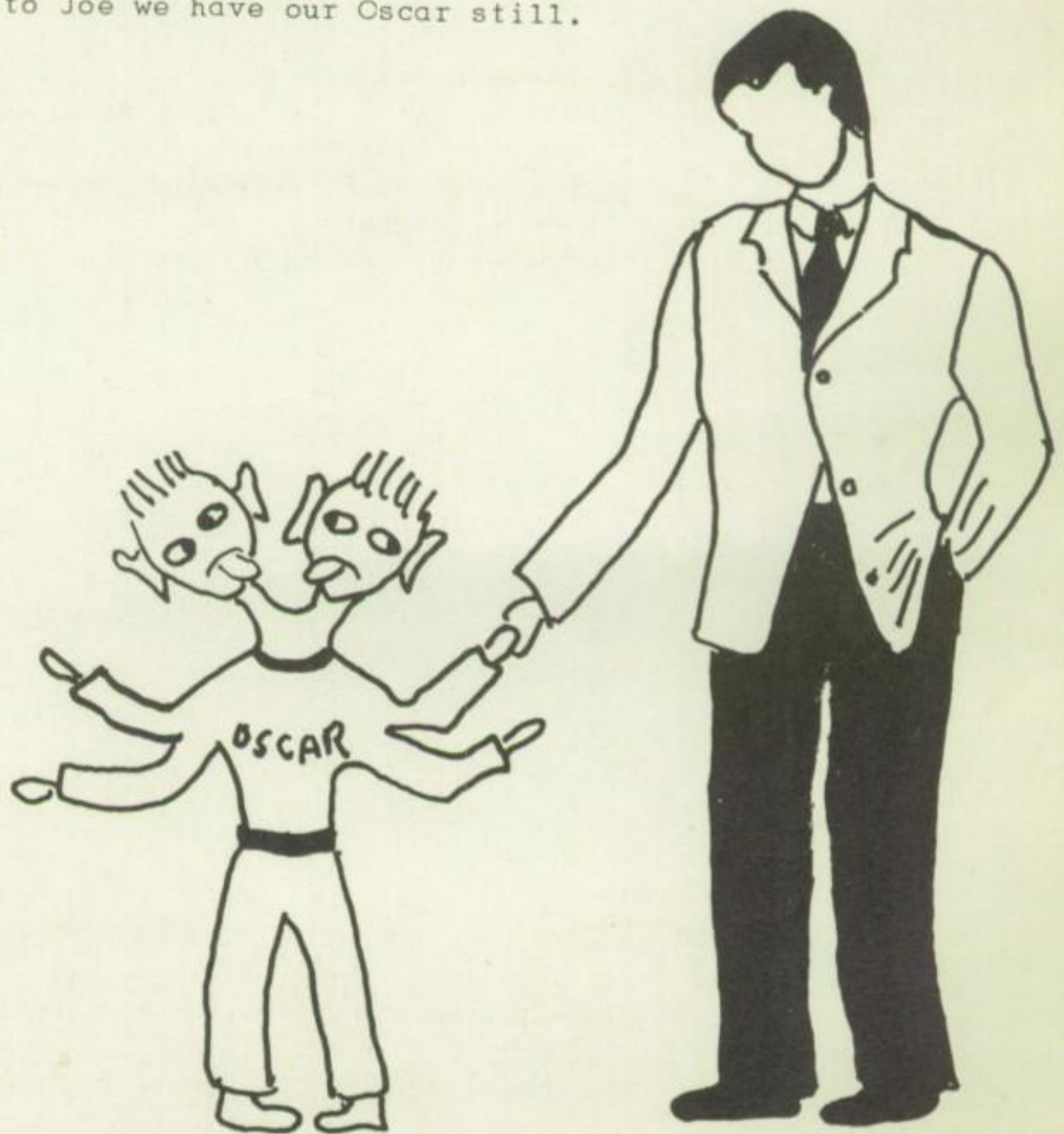


It was raining
So we had recourse to food,
bridge, and blankets.
Ghost stories told
drawing near the warmth of fire
in circles.
The brave went swimming in dark cold water
and returned.
Garges drives fast, but Perrin drives faster.

The year was ended thus and off we went
To rest the mind and soul in summer's time.

The fall, returning, found us back once more;
Our strength regained and courage now renewed
We spoke our thoughts and once again, made plans.
Now, Operation Oscar was the name
We called l'enfant terrible, born in strife.

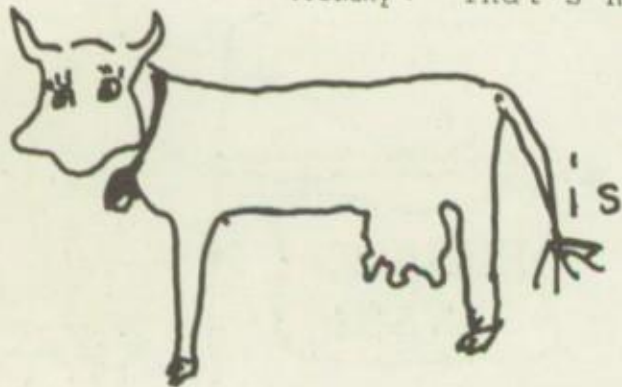
But in our small and hidden way we loved
Our child and worked to make him grow so that
One day his Grandpa Joe would have a bit
Of pride to see the child with changing face
Was strong in soul. Now this, perhaps, is sad
To say, and speaks not well for us, it's true
If Joe had not, in times of stress, come up
To Oscar's aid, I am afraid today
Might find poor Oscar dead and long since gone.
But thanks to Joe we have our Oscar still.



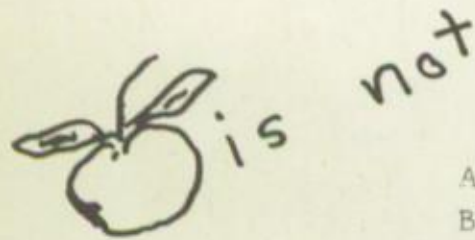
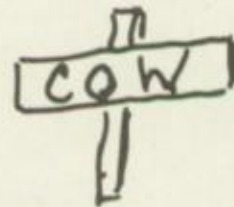
We've had our troubles, toil and woe,
But, transcended like Thoreau.

The Gospel According to St. Joe

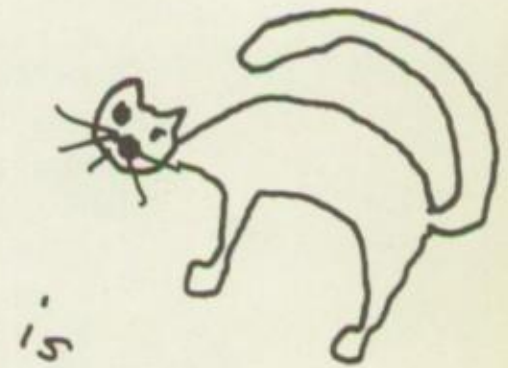
In the beginning was the Word...
And the Word was made flesh
and dwelt among us.
But the word is not the thing is not the word...
And looking upon the thing he spoke -
"This is not the word.
Behold the thing."...
And his disciple heard him speak and followed.
And he journeyed, preaching the Word...
"Dogmatism is the deadliest sin."
And he pointed to the men of evil, saying,
"They are evil. Observe and do not let
their words ensnare you.
Seek beneath their word to find their truth."
And a voice was heard crying in the wilderness...
"Mommy! That's not Mommy! Where's Mommy?"



is not



is not



is not



A cow is a cow is a cow is a cow
Brown, black, blue, yellow.
When is a chair not a chair?
Hayakawa, I long to hear you!
Away, my Hayakawa...



CHAIR?



CHAIR?



CHAIR?



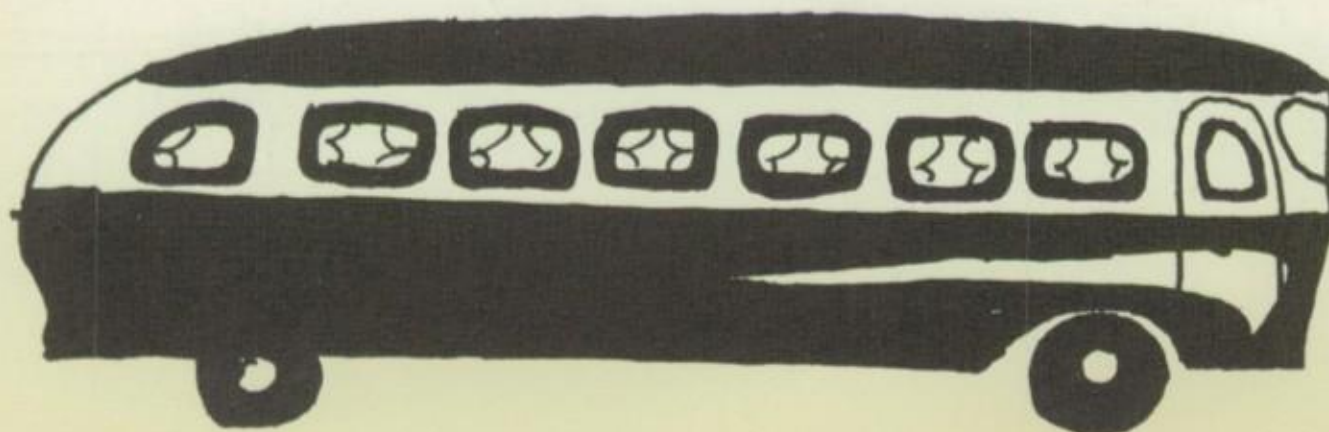
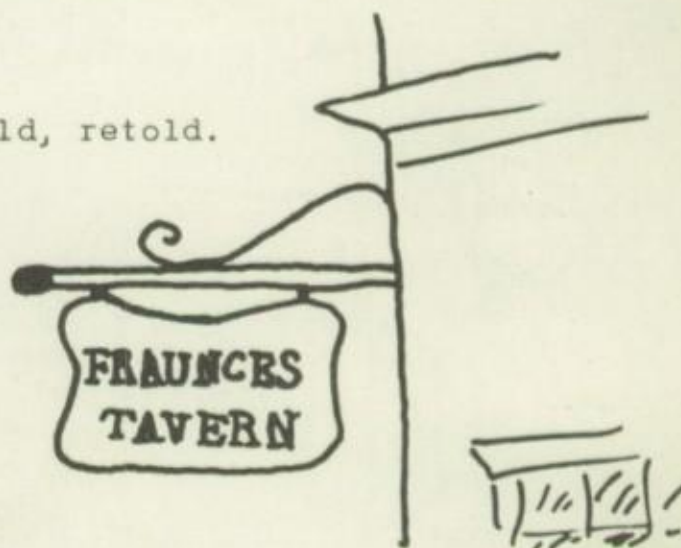
CHAIR?



CHAIR?

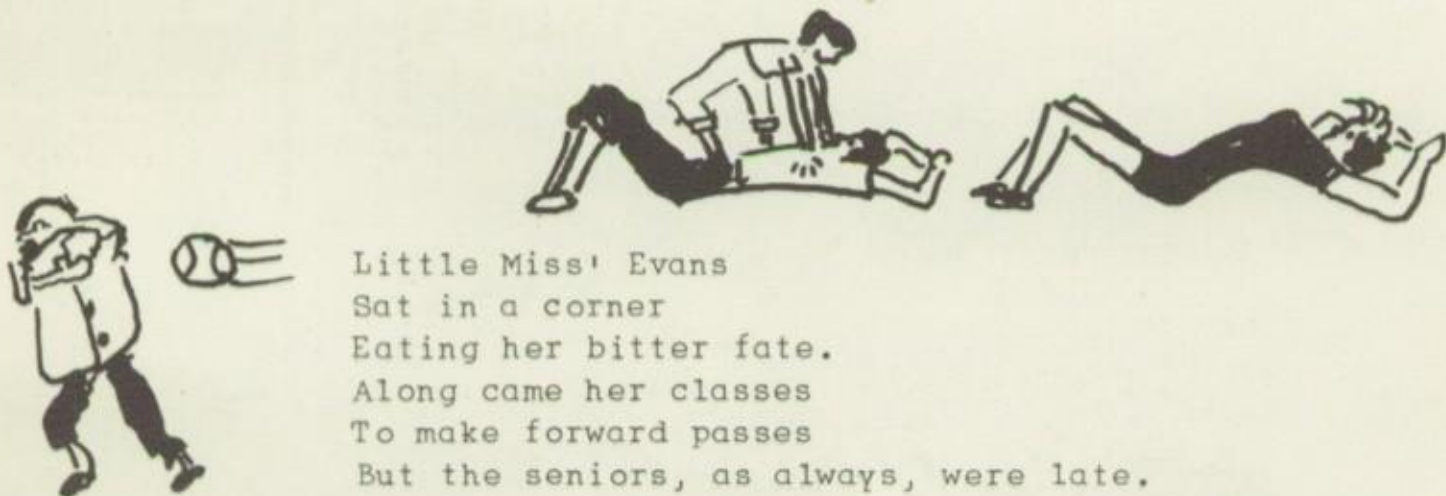
Now, core or Oscar - call it what you will -
Had many sides to it and many parts.
Benedict we read and then discussed,
And after that we wrote and read again.
We looked in books to find the thoughts that men
Had tried to say. The Transcendentalists
We came to know and then the modern minds
Whose writing showed that time has had and shall
Forever hold the same ideas, and men
Shall seek to solve their problems, - told, retold.

We must go on a trip
Think
Find one
In this whole big city
Just a little trip.
Greenwich Village
Historical, educational, cheap.
This is Fraunces Tavern
This is Mark Twain's House
This is where we eat.
Think
New Jersey
Splendid place - ugly but oily.
We can't refuse a shiny bus like that.
Just what did the man say
About that spectroscope thing?
Get out of college and
Standard Oil will give you a job.
Can they get me into college?
Oil, oil everywhere
But where is the lunch?



Doctor Brooks, he had a school
 E I E I O
 And in that school
 There was a student teacher
 E I E I O
 Here a student teacher
 There a student teacher
 Everywhere a student teacher
 Shepherd, Ryskind, Price.

We drifted from the pinkness of our room
 To try our youthful bodies and our minds
 On things that did not correlate at all.
 And so our days were stretched and in them grew
 Uncorish science, art and math and gym.



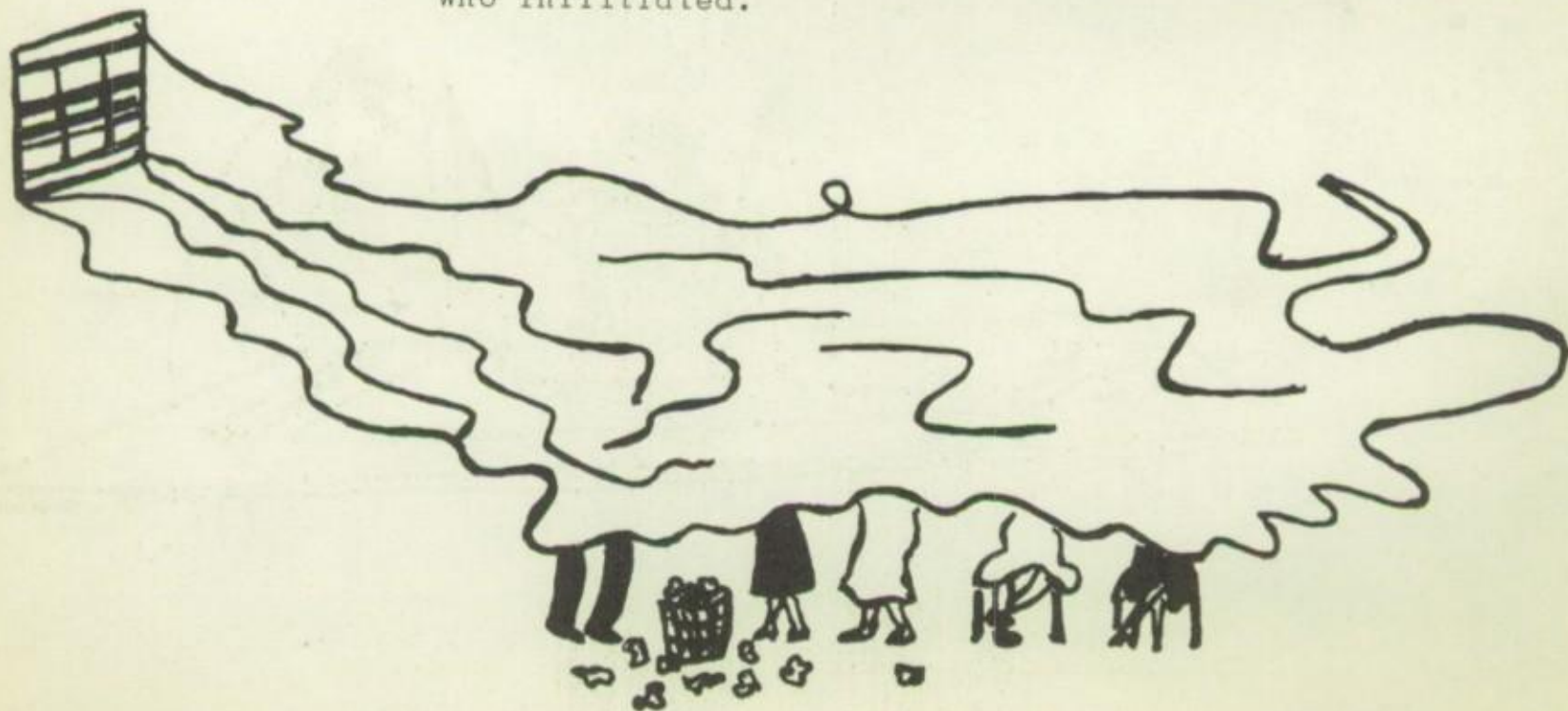
Who killed the cat?
 Mr. Trieger did with a hot pastrami sandwich.
 Poor dead cat without a skin.

Humpty Dumpty ($\frac{4}{3}\pi r^3$)
 Sat (at an angle of $86^\circ 13'$)
 On a wall (2.3" high)
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
 If one of the king's men could put him together in x hours
 And another could put him together in y hours
 Would anybody like to buy some skis - cheap?



... LOCUS OF A POINT BETWEEN 2 SKEW LINES IF...

Tired, teacher?
 Want to rest your weary bones,
 Chat a little,
 Maybe smoke?
 Come in,
 Into your little room -
 Strewn with yearbook 1950
 And seniors
 Who infiltrated.



There always is the other side to life,
And we as seniors often said that in
Some way our life should different be from that
Of underclassmen young, with no respect
For us, who never trembled at our word
Or begged on knees to have their sins forgiv'n.
All rallied to The Cause and so we won.
The battle done, we had our Senior Rights.



I haven't breathed one day since Monday
And I find myself nearly berserk
But now it is my day - it's Friday
And I don't have any work.

Oh, now French and Spanish, please vanish,
Completely slip out of my head.
I don't have to translate - I can state
My opinions in English instead.

No one encumbers with numbers
My dizzy and overworked brain;
I'm completely unable a table
To read; or envision a plane.

Today we spend shirking not working
And since we have nothing to do
So the morning won't bore us, there's chorus,
Assembly or town-meeting too.

For lunch I find fishes delicious,
Then I rush to the core room with glee
For we don't talk semantic till frantic
But relax over coffee and tea.

Oh day of no duty, the beauty
Of idleness brightens your face;
And so you won't grieve us, you leave us
The school-less weekend in your place.

Fat black cigars in a core classroom
 Strongest males with feet unstable
 Puffed and reeled and leaned against the table
 Careened against the table
 Shouted for vengeance in the airless gloom
 Loud as they were able
 Boom Boom Boom

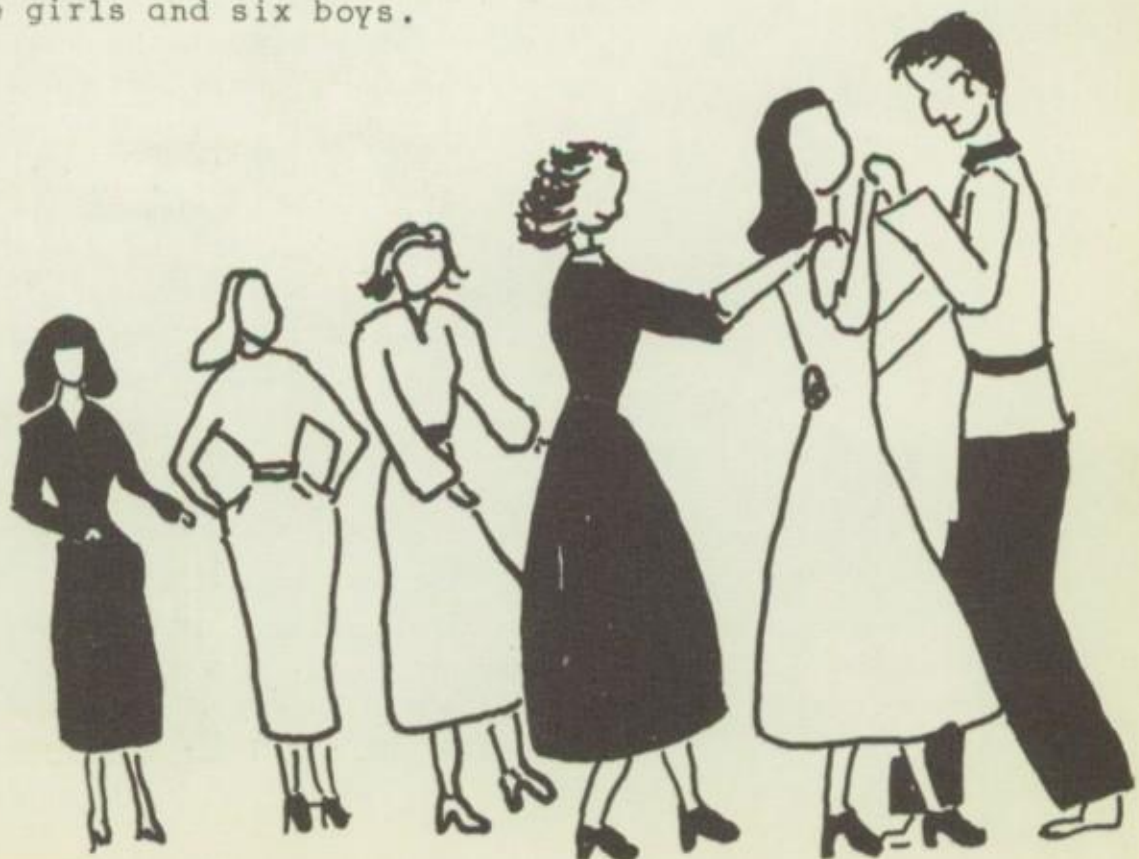


"Little inter-agers:
 Walk, do not run to the nearest exit.
 Also you are not to beat up Henry and Cecil
 When in the elevator."
 The duties of a senior are many and various.



The thing they call responsibility
Descended on our naked, lowered heads,
And with it came our duty to the school
As wisely social beings who should dance
And play and sing with all the people there.

You are a senior isn't that lovely she said
So I smiled
And how is school and what do you do
and my how you've grown she said
So I smiled
And do you have parties and more fun
than I ever had she said
So I said
We have a Social Problem.
Oh dear me why don't you talk about it she said
talk is so helpful isn't it
It's safe I said
Discuss
Let's talk
Again let's say it again
We could play games
No date dances - there's a good idea
But think about the rest of the school
eighth grade, eleventh grade, kindergarten.
Back to ourselves
Inevitably
We sit in a circle.
Twelve girls and six boys.



Progressively we learned and life discussed
 Throughout the winter months until March came.
 But then the sky grew black with storm, and though
 We wished to run, we knew that choice was not
 Our luck. Horizon dark with nearing death -
 Be brave, oh Seniors! Meet your fate. Hide not
 Your faces in your fear - The Thing is near.



Overheard Before Mid-Winter Vacation

Oh Seniors, you must work while others sleep
 Until the sky is warm and bright with noon.
 Alarms must be set off at dawn's first peep
 For college boards are coming very soon.
 Oh, I suggest you read a grammar book,
 Learn how to parse, to conjugate, to spell,
 And at the dictionary take a look.
 You might thumb through the almanac as well.
 Oh, memorize each little fact and date
 Between the Fall of Rome and present time,
 And scan a map until you can relate
 Each country's population, place, and clime.
 Since you have spent four years in learning How -
 I think the time for learning What is now.

Little girl, little girl, where have you been?
 I've been to college to visit the Dean.
 Little girl, little girl, what did you there?
 I frightened the lady right out of her chair.

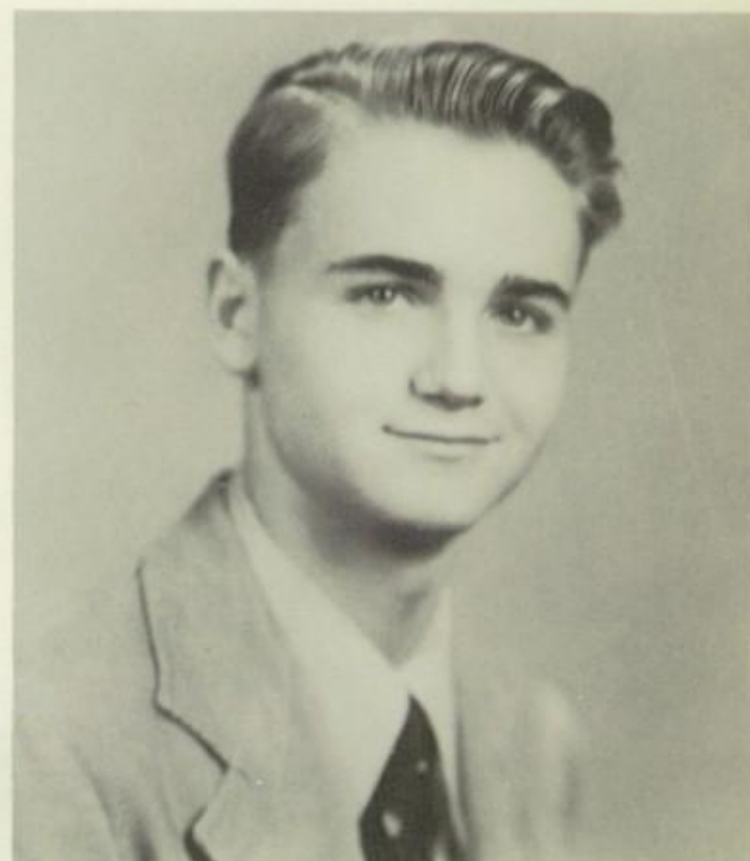
So forms filled out and C.B.'s done, we walked
The streets at night and softly prayed that dawn
Would bring the happy song of "Yes, you're in."
We did the senior things of planning how
We'd wear our dresses white and trousers blue.
We talked of what to eat and where to go
On that last day when our life here is through.

Who will haunt the reminiscent places
Where smoke drifted through chatter chatter
And laughter followed onto laughter?

We look back so, and cannot fail to see
The years have had some conflicts and some tears.
But now as one we smile, and heads inclined,
We whisper words, and think it sad to know
The War and Peace of this is done - the Now
Shall be the Past - so quickly, Future, come!



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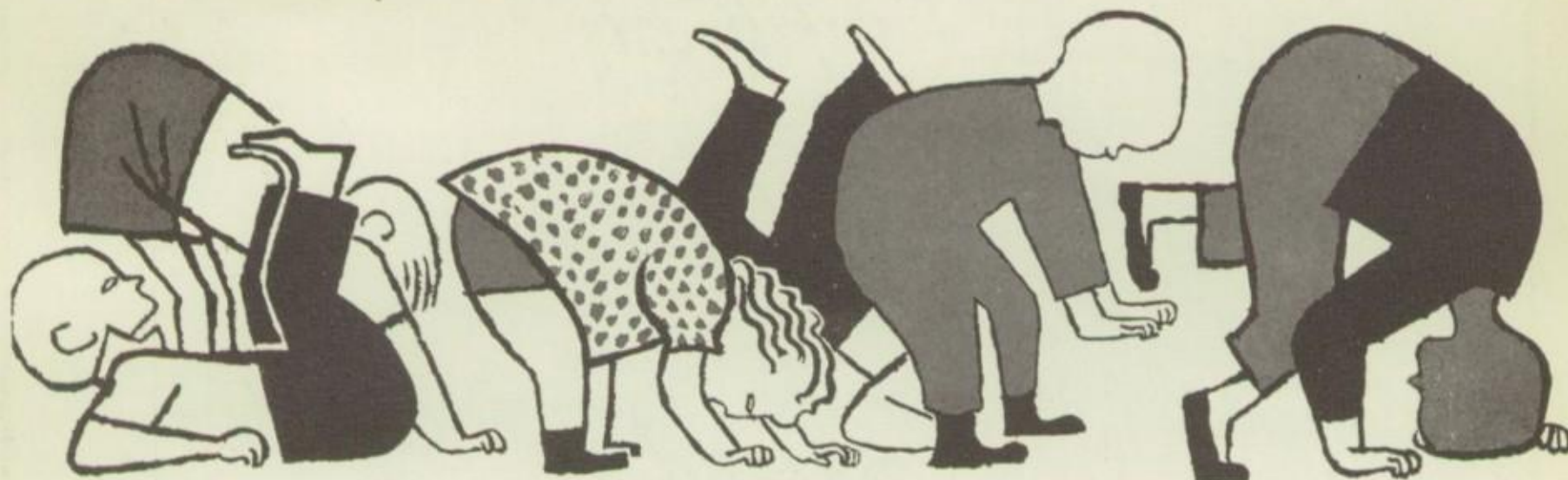
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